

Newport Mercury

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WHOLE NUMBER 8,510.

The Mercury.

John Brown Anniversary.

All Saints Chapel Case.

The City Election.

Liquor Licenses Granted.

York, and Mrs. Charles H. Parker of Providence, and one son, Mr. Carl Jurgens, Jr.

Elbridge I. Stoddard.

Hon. Elbridge Irving Stoddard died at his residence at Bristol Ferry in Portsmouth on Monday after an illness of several months. He had been failing steadily for a long time and his friends realized that the end was near.

Mr. Stoddard was born in South Weymouth, Mass., on October 9, 1840, the son of Jeremiah and Ann Maria Stoddard. He continued to live in that town and was employed there until the breaking out of the Civil War when he enlisted in the 12th Mass. regiment and saw active service, participating in many engagements. At the close of the war he returned to South Weymouth for a time but in 1865 removed to Portsmouth where he has since resided. He was for many years employed at Crocker's smelting works, and afterward became the manager of the Mount Hope Coal Mining Company. He was for seven years employed by the Old Colony Railroad as agent at the Coal Mine station, but for several years past had been engaged in business for himself in a general store in Portsmouth.

Mr. Stoddard had long been prominent in the political affairs of the town. He was for nine years Senator from Portsmouth, retiring in 1908, and during that time he held important committee places, being chairman of some of the leading committees. He was looked upon with the highest respect and esteem by his colleagues in the Legislature and his opinion was frequently sought in party councils. Previous to his election as Senator he had served two terms as Representative in the General Assembly. He had held town offices, being for a number of years chairman of the School Board. He was also a member of the Republican Town Committee.

Mr. Stoddard is survived by a widow, who was Miss Sarah Norton of Portsmouth, and one son, Mr. Henry I. Stoddard of Providence. Funeral services were held at his late residence at Bristol Ferry on Thursday, and there was a large attendance in spite of the inclement weather, testifying to the high esteem in which he was held. The remains were taken to his old home in South Weymouth for interment.

Mrs. A. F. Cornell.

Mrs. Patience Cornell, widow of Mr. Arnold F. Cornell, died at her home on Maitland court, Tuesday morning after an illness of several weeks, death resulting from causes due to old age. She was a woman of a kind disposition and had a host of friends.

Mrs. Cornell was the daughter of the late Abner and Sarah B. Tallman, being a native of Portsmouth. She was one of a family of 12 children, of whom two sisters survive her, Mrs. Alfred Baker of Taunton and Mrs. Daniel C. Dunham of Fall River. She also leaves three children, Mr. Herbert F. Cornell, Mrs. Percy A. Anstin and Miss Amanda E. Cornell.

Mrs. George L. Thayer.

Mrs. Marie Thayer, widow of George L. Thayer, Eastern passenger agent of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, was found dead by her husband in her apartment at the Grampson, No. 332 St. Nicholas avenue, at 11 o'clock on Saturday night. Mr. Thayer left the apartment at 8 o'clock, and at that time his wife was apparently in the best of health. Dr. Bartels, the house physician, said that Mrs. Thayer's death was due to a hemorrhage. Mr. Thayer, husband of the deceased, was born in Newport, and is a nephew of Mr. Overton G. Langley of this city.

William H. Hall, Grand Master of Odd Fellows in Rhode Island, accompanied by a full board of grand officers paid an official visit to Rhode Island Lodge in this city on Monday evening and was given a cordial greeting. The other visitors included Deputy Grand Master Nathan M. Wright, Grand Secretary William H. T. Moseley, Grand Representative Chester F. Newcomb, and Grand Marshal Thomas J. Cavanaugh. After the reception of the visitors by Rhode Island Lodge, Louis E. Tilly, Noble Grand, presiding, there was an exemplification by the degree team, which was later heartily commended by the visitors. A substantial supper was served at the Perry House after which there were addresses by visitors and hosts.

A farewell dinner was given to Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. E. S. Kellogg at the Training Station Monday evening by Commander and Mrs. Mark L. Bristol. Lieut. Kellogg has been ordered to duty on the Minnesota.

The Duke of Roxburghe, who married Miss May Golet, met with a painful accident by breaking his leg on a hunting trip at Melton-Mowbray, England, on Monday.

Miss Rosa A. Grosvenor will spend the winter at her residence, "Wyndham," on Beacon Hill road.

The fiftieth anniversary of the martyrdom of John Brown will be observed under the direction of a committee of the colored residents of Newport at the Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church on Thursday evening next, December 2d. An interesting programme has been arranged and the meeting should be one of great interest. In view of the fact that it has been just a half-century since John Brown was executed for the crime of being a few years ahead of the

A case of considerable interest and importance to Newporters was argued before the Supreme Court in Providence on Monday, Jane Mercer Brice et al vs. Trustees of the All Saints Memorial Chapel. The complainants were represented by Providence lawyers and the respondents by William Paine Sheffield and William H. Harvey of this city. This was a suit in equity brought by life tenants and heir-at-law of Alexander G. Mercer

When the city clerk's office was closed for the day last Wednesday night there had been filed nominations for a full set of officers to be filed at the city election on December 7. The last day was quite a busy one as some of the candidates had been holding back their papers until the last moment, but it is doubtful if anyone forgot when the closing date was coming around.

The election this time has somewhat of a different appearance from last year, when there were three candidates for mayor and more than two candidates for aldermen in each ward. This year there are but two Mayoralty candidates—Mayor Patrick J. Boyle and ex-Mayor William P. Clarke. For aldermen there are two candidates in each ward except the second and fourth. In the former, Alderman Shepley has no opponent, and in the latter there are four nominees.

For school committee there are four places to be filled and five candidates. Mr. James P. Taylor declined a reelection and Mr. A. Russell Manchester is trying for his place, while Mr. John P. Sullivan, who was a candidate last year, is again trying to secure a place on the committee.

There is a full list of delegates for the representative council in each ward, but not enough to give each voter a choice of two in any ward except the first where there are more than two complete tickets and where there promises to be a hot fight.

The full list of nominations is as follows, the present incumbents being designated by a star (*):

MAYOR

*Boyle, Patrick J.
Clarke, William P.
SCHOOL COMMITTEE.
*Bacheller, Robert C.
*Cozzens, William J.
Manchester, A. Russell
*Peckham, Thomas P.
Sullivan, John P.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Ward 1—*Albro, Thomas C., Jr., Rogers, William S.
Ward 2—Shepley, William
Ward 3—Austin, Charles P., *Mahoney, Jeremiah P.
Ward 4—Adams, William F., Butler, Maurice, Klrwin, Garrett M., Ledy, John E.
Ward 5—Anthony, Benjamin M., *Kelly, Michael F.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.

Ward 1—Allen, John J., Anderson, Jacob, Asher, Jonathan, Jr., *Bacheller, George W., Jr., Barker, John, Benette, C. J., Burke, John D., Cady, John W., Collins, William F., Drew, James M., Easterbrook, C. A., Ellis, Edward, *Friend, John M., Graham, Richard D., *Hauley, William A., Harrington, Philip D., Harvey, Harry O., James, Franklin P., *Kerr, Robert, *Lawton, Fletcher W., *Marks, John B., Mullally, John A., Noonan, Arthur C., *Pike, Willard L., Pearson, Frank W., Sullivan, John V., Therien, Edward P., Tierney, Timothy.
Ward 2—*Aspleyworth, Thomas, *Burdick Clark, *Coudon Thomas B., *Cotton Joseph P., Frank C., Philip, *Gibson Thomas J., *Griffith Edward, Haas Albert F., *Hassard Horace N., King, Peter, *Langley William H., *McMahon Andrew K., *O'Sullivan Alexander M., *Peckham Thomas P., *Perry Gardner S., *Thompson S. S., Wood Harry D.
Ward 3—*Atwater Charles R., *Barker C. F., Barker J. Alton, *Barker, R. R., *Brackett C. A., *Bullum W. P., Ellis George H., *Hannett Fred M., Horton J. W., Jacobs Jacob A., Johnson Myles J., Keady John F., *Lawton G. C., *Lucas Stephen B., Luther H. H., *Pittman F. T., Ramsey George D., Rooney James J., *Sullivan Edward A., Van Home Francis C.
Ward 4 (one year vacancy).—*William O. Milne.
Ward 5—*Bacheller Dudley P., *Bartlett Joseph, Bisset Robert G., Byrnes, W. B., Carney Joseph P., Carroll H. V. Dr., *Corrigan James, Croughan Luke, David Nathan, *Digges Joseph, *Faerber Peter, Gough Thomas F., Harrington J. J., Hester Harry, Kirby Joseph J., *Maber William A., McCarthy John P., Moy John P., Muller Richard, *Welch Patrick H., Young William H.

Ward 5—*Blake John W., *Conhney Patrick F., Connell J. J., Dempsey William, Dorman Michael J., Hayes Patrick J., Johnson Patrick J., Martin Robert H., Martin James J., McMahon John J., *Murphy Michael J., O'Connell Peter J., *Partridge Joseph H., *Sullivan James J., *Sullivan Michael J., Sullivan Mortimer L., *Vaughan Michael P., Voigt Ernest.

Wardens and Clerks

Ward 1—Warden, Lawton Joseph S.; Clerk, Lawton Benjamin.
Ward 2—Warden, Goddard Allen G.; Clerk, Ebbz Robert C.
Ward 3—Warden, Oakley Augustus B.; Clerk, Muenchinger Max.
Ward 4—Warden, Connolly, Michael R.; Clerk, Doyle Thomas L.
Ward 5—Warden, Shepley James F.; Clerk, Martin Patrick B.

The funeral of the late William G. Peckham took place from his late residence on Broadway Sunday afternoon, Rev. Joseph Cooper, of the First M. E. Church, officiating. The house was filled with relatives and friends and there were many beautiful floral tributes. There were no tears.

Lieutenant James T. Buttrick, U. S. Marine Corps, spent Thanksgiving with his mother in this city.

Mr. Edward Griffith spent Thanksgiving in Philadelphia with his daughter.



JOHN BROWN, THE MARTYR OF HARPER'S FERRY.

rest of the people of the country, this observance bears an added significance.

The programme for the celebration is as follows:

Chorus—America.
Invocation Rev. E. F. Barrow
Selection by the choir
Reminiscences—C. F. D. Fayerweather
Organ selection E. G. Barrow
Address John P. Sanborn
Selection by the choir
Address Edwin B. Jourdain
of New Bedford

Chorus—John Brown's Body
Benediction Rev. Dr. Jeter
The committees in charge of the celebration are as follows:

Committee of Arrangements—D. B. Allen, Chairman; J. W. Johnson, Armistead Hurley, Dr. M. A. Jones Van Horne, Secretary; Thomas Glover, Jackson Carter.

Committee on Organization and Program—Dr. M. E. Wheatland, Chairman; C. F. D. Fayerweather, Dr. M. A. Jones Van Horne, Secretary; Rev. Elijah J. Richardson, Rev. William H. Thomas.

Reception Committee—W. H. Jackson, Chairman; Dr. W. H. Matthews, James H. Downe, Joseph T. Key, Samuel H. Norris, Wm. P. Nightingale, C. G. Brown, Peter W. Townsend, N. T. Jackson, Samuel Burns, Andrew J. Tabb, Wm. F. Barry.

R. I. State College.

The Rhode Island State College at Kingston is doing a great work in educating the farmers and farmer's sons in this State, and the College is rapidly growing in popular favor. The week beginning December 28, will be known as farmer's week and will be devoted to popular talks and lectures on topics of interest to every farmer in the State. The farmers of Newport county have not heretofore taken the interest they should in this institution. They are thus losing much which belongs to them. Here is a chance to get a large amount of practical information at a very slight cost. By the Wickford line they can get easy access to the College and the cost of remaining there for the days required is very slight. Our advertising columns give full information.

Captain Allan C. Griffith of the police department met with a painful accident while on his way to report for duty Wednesday evening. He fell heavily to the sidewalk near his home on Calvert street and suffered a bad fracture of the arm. He was able to return to his home and Dr. Sweet was called to reduce the fracture. He is now resting as comfortably as could be expected.

The condition of Mayor Patrick J. Boyle continues to improve steadily and the attendants are entirely satisfied with his progress.

Dr. and Mrs. Russell K. Bryer of New York are guests of Mr. Andrew Bryer on Channing street.

Mr. Peter Patterson celebrated the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth on Monday.

Mr. George Nason has been confined to his home on Mill street by illness.

Mrs. William T. Bull will remain here for the winter.

Local Matters.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday was not an ideal day for Thanksgiving, the weather being disagreeable all day, but without a great deal of rain. In consequence many persons were quite content to spend the entire day in their homes. The day as a whole was passed very quietly and seemed much like Sunday.

There were several church services during the day. In the morning, there was a union service of nine of the Protestant churches at the Thames street M. E. Church, at which the sermon was preached by Rev. William F. Gelsler and many other clergymen participated. The First Baptist Church held a special service, with sermon by Rev. Dr. Johnson. The Episcopal Churches united with a service at St. John's, where Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee of St. George's School preached the sermon. For the many boys of the city the great event of the day was the annual dinner for news and messenger boys given by Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt at Masonic Hall. There were plenty of boys ready and waiting to be seated when the doors were opened and they fell to work with a will when the word was given. The affair was as usual under the management of Miss Amelia Tanner.

There were several games of football and basketball during the day, and in spite of the bad weather there was a good attendance at all of them.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen this week was held on Wednesday evening, because of Thursday being a holiday. Owing to the absence of two members of the board in Washington and the illness of Mayor Boyle there was difficulty in securing a quorum, but the difficulty was finally solved by meeting in the sick room of Mayor Boyle. There was little business of importance to be transacted.

A report was received from the commission to lay out an extension to West Narragansett avenue, and this was laid on the table temporarily. The ward slate were technically canvassed, and supervisors were appointed for the city election. The weekly bills and payrolls were approved.

Mr. William C. Langley of Middletown, Conn., has been in Newport this week, visiting his brother, Mr. Walter S. Langley.

Mr. George Nason is seriously ill at his home on Mill street.

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTHCHEON

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE DUNING OF THE BUNGALOW.

HE went in and had dinner with them in the hanging garden. Depplingham was busy and preoccupied. Drusilla Browne was unusually sympathetic. At least she was not volatile; her greatest accomplishment lay in the ability to appreciate what others had to say.

Her husband, aside from a natural anxiety, was the same little optimist as ever. He showed no sign of restraint, no evidence of compunction. Chase found himself secretly speculating on the state of affairs. Were the two heirs working out a preconceived plan, or were they, after all, playing with the lives of others?

Immediately after dinner Geneva carried Lady Depplingham off to her room. When they came forth for a proposed stroll in the grounds Lady Agnes was looking very meek and tearful, while the princess had about her the air of one who has conquered by gentleness.

"It has been so awfully dull, Geneva, don't you understand? That's why, besides, it isn't necessary for her to be so horrid about it, she—"

"She isn't horrid about it, dear. She's most self-sacrificing."

"Rubbish! She talks about the Partisans and all that sort of thing. I know what she means. But there's no use talking about it. I'll do as you say—command, I mean. I'll try to be a prince. Heaven alone knows what a real prince is. I don't. All this tommyrot about Bobby and we wouldn't exist if that wretched Chase man had been a little more affable. He never noticed us until you came. No wife to snoop after him and—why, my dear, he would have been ideal."

"It's all very nice, Agnes, but you forget your husband," said Geneva, with a tolerant smile.

"Genevra," said Lady Agnes solemnly, "if you'd been on a barren island for five months as I have with nothing to look at but your husband and the sunsets you would not be so hard on me. I wouldn't take Drusilla's husband away from her for the world. I wouldn't even look at him if he were not on the barren island too. I've read novels in which a man and woman have been wrecked on a desert island and lived there for months, even years, in an atmosphere of righteousness. My dear, those novelists are nineties. Nobody could be so good as all that without getting wings. I'm tired of men and angels. That's why I want you for awhile. You've got no wings, Geneva, but it's of no consequence, as you have no one to fly away from."

"Or to, you might add," laughed Geneva.

"That's very American. You've been talking to Miss Pelham. She's always adding things. By the way, Mr. Chase sees quite a lot of her. She types for him. I fancy she's trying to choose between him and Mr. Saunders. If you were she, dear, which would you choose?"

"Mr. Saunders," said Geneva promptly. "But if I were myself I'd choose Mr. Chase."

"Speaking of angels, he must have wings a yard long. He has been chosen by an entire heaven, and he flies from them as if pursued by the devil. I imagine, however, that he'd be rather dangerous if his wings were to get out of order unexpectedly. But he's nice, isn't he?"

The princess nodded her head tolerantly.

Her ladyship went on: "I don't want to walk after all. Let us sit here in the corridor and count the prisoners in the chandeliers. It's such fun. I've done it often. Mr. Britt has advanced a new theory. We are to indulge in double barreled divorce proceedings. As soon as they are over Mr. Browne and I are to marry. Then we are to hurry up and get another divorce. Then we marry our own husband and wife all over again. Isn't it exciting? Only, of course, it isn't going to happen. It would be so frightfully improper—shocking, don't you know. You see, I should go on living with my divorced husband even after I was married to Bobby. I'd be obliged to do that in order to give Bobby grounds for a divorce as soon as the estate is settled. But Deppy has put his foot down hard. He says he had trouble enough getting me to marry him the first time. He won't go through it again. Of course it's utter nonsense."

"A little nonsense now and then is—"

—began the princess and paused amiably.

"Is Mr. Chase to stay for lunch?" asked Lady Agnes irreverently.

"How should I know? I am not his housekeeper."

"Bobby told me. I've never known you to look like that before. A little dash of red over your cheeks of it—"

—said Geneva, throwing up her hands in despair and turned toward the railway.

Her chin tilted high. Lady Agnes, laughing off, followed. "It's too bad she doesn't marry that horrid little husband," she said to herself, with a sudden electric glare at the ground, "it would be a great relief to her."

"Agnes, I'd like you to promise that you will keep your avuncular claws off Mrs. Browne's husband," she said seriously.

"I'll try, my dear," said Lady Agnes meekly.

When they reached the garden they found Depplingham smoking furiously and quite alone. Chase had left some time before to give warning to the English bank that trouble might be expected. The shadow of disappointment that filled across Geneva's face was not observed by the others. Bobby Browne and his wife were off strolling in the lower end of the park.

"Poor old Deppy!" cried his wife. "I've made up my mind to be exceedingly nice to you for a whole day."

"I suppose I ought to beat you," he said slowly.

"Beat me? Why, pray?"

"I received an anonymous letter this morning telling me of your goings on with Bobby Browne," said he easily.



A dark saturnine face appeared.

"It was stuck under my door by Bromley, who said that Miss Pelham gave it to her. Miss Pelham referred me to Mr. Britt, and Mr. Britt urged me to keep the letter for future reference. I think he said it could be used as Exhibit A. Then he advised me to beat you only in the presence of witnesses."

"The whole household must be going mad," cried Geneva, with a laugh.

"Oh, if something only would happen!" exclaimed her ladyship. "A riot, a massacre—anything! It all sounds like a farce to you, Geneva, but you haven't been here for five months, as we have."

As they moved away from the vine covered nook in the garden a hand parted the leaves in the balcony above, and the dark, saturnine face of a trusted servant appeared behind it. This secret espionage had been going on for days in the chateau. Scarcely a move was made or a word spoken by the white people that escaped the attention of the swarthy spy. And, curious enough, these spies were no longer reporting their discoveries to Hollingsworth Chase.

The days passed. Hollingsworth Chase now realized that he no longer had authority over the natives. Rasula made the reports for the islanders and took charge of the statements from the bank.

Every morning Chase rode boldly into the town, transacted what business he could, talked with the thoroughly disturbed bankers and then defiantly made his way to the chateau. He was in love with the princess—desperately in love. He understood perfectly—for he was a man of the world and cosmopolitan—that nothing could come of it. She was a princess, and she was not in a story book; she could not marry him.

So far as Geneva was concerned, on her part it could mean no more than a diversion, a concession to coquetry, a simple flirtation; it meant the passing of a few days, the killing of time, the pleasure of gentle conquest, and then—forgetfulness. All this he knew.

At first she revolted against the court he so gallantly paid to her in these last few days. It was bold, conscienceless, impudent. She evoked him; she treated him to a short season of disdain; the old all in her power to repulse his effrontery—and then in the end she decided to give him as good as he sent in that brief battle of folly. It mattered little to her who came off with the fewer scars for in a fortnight or two they would go their separate ways, no better, no worse, for the conflict had after all, it was very dull in these last days, and he was very attractive, and very brave and very gallant and she was very lonely.

They rode together in the park every morning, keeping well out of range of

maintain in the park. Their conversation was with the eyes, the tone of the voice, the intervals of silence, no touch of the hand—nothing except the strategies of eyes.

What did it matter if a few dead impulses, a few clipped blades, a few blunted hopes, were left strewn upon the battlefield at the end of the fortnight? What did anything matter so long as Prince Rial of Brabets was not there?

One night toward the end of this week of enchanting encounters—this week of effort to uncover the vulnerable spot in the other's armor—Genevra stood leaning upon the rail which inclosed the hanging garden. She was gazing abstractedly into the black night, out of which far away blinked the light in the bungalow. It was the first night in a week that he had missed coming to the chateau.

She missed him. She was lonely.

He had told her of the meeting that was to be held at the bungalow that night at which he was to be asked to deliver over to Rasula's committee the papers, the receipts and the memoranda that he had accumulated during his months of employment in their behalf. She had a feeling of dread—a numb, sweet feeling that she could not explain except that under all of it lay the proud consciousness that he was a man who had courage, a man who was not afraid.

"How silly I am!" she said, half aloud in her abstraction.

She turned her gaze away from the blinking light in the hills, a queer, guilty smile on her lips.

Across the garden from where she was standing herself, Lady Depplingham's husband was saying in low, agitated tones to Bobby Browne's wife:

"Now, see here, Drusilla, I'm not saying that—oh, that is, Lady Depplingham and Bobby—are accountable for what has happened, but that doesn't make it any more pleasant. It's a little coquetry which is trying to poison us, don't you know, and all that. They wouldn't do it, I'm sure, but somebody is! That's what I mean, a's you see? Lady Dep—"

"I know my husband wouldn't—couldn't do such a thing. Lord Depplingham," came from Drusilla's still lips almost as a moan. She was very miserable.

"Of course not, my dear Drusilla," he protested nervously. Then suddenly, as his eye caught what he considered a suspicious movement of Bobby's hand as he placed a card close to Lady Depplingham's fingers: "Domine, I'd rather he wouldn't! But I beg your pardon, Drusilla! It's all perfectly innocent."

"Of course it's innocent!" whispered Drusilla fiercely.

"It's after nonsense for us to suspect them of—Pray don't be so upset, Drusilla. It's all right."

"If you think I am worrying over your wife's harmless affair with my husband you are very much mistaken."

Depplingham was silent for a long time.

"I don't sleep at all these nights," he said at last miserably. She could not feel sorry for him. She could only feel for herself and her sleepless nights. "Drusilla, do-do you think they want to get rid of us? We're the obstacles, you know. We can't help it, but we are. Somebody put that pill in my tea today. It must have been a servant. It couldn't have been—"

"My husband, sir?"

"No, my wife. You know, Drusilla, she's not that sort. She has a horror of death and—"

"If the servants are trying to poison any of us, Lord Depplingham, it is reasonable to suspect that your wife and my husband are the ones they want to dispose of, not you and me. I don't believe it was poison you found in your tea, but if it was it was intended for one of the boys."

"Well, there's some consolation in that," said Deppy, smiling for the first time.

The sharp rattle of firearms in the distance brought a sudden stop to his lugubrious reflections. Five, a dozen, a score of shots were heard. The blood turned cold in the veins of every one in the garden; faces blanched suddenly, and all voices were hushed. A form of paralysis seized and held them for a full minute.

Then the voice of Britt below broke harshly upon the tense, still air: "Good God! Look! It is the bungalow!"

A bright glow lighted the dark mountain side; a vivid red painted the trees; the smell of burning wood came down with the breeze. Two or three sporadic shots were borne to the ears of those who looked toward the blazing bungalow.

"They've killed Chase!" burst from the stiff lips of Bobby Browne.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHASE COMES FROM THE CLOUDS.

FOR many minutes the watchers in the chateau stared at the burning bungalow, fascinated, petrified. Through the mind of each man ran the sudden, sharp dread that Chase had met death at the hands of his enemies.

Genevra felt her heart turn cold. Then something seemed to clutch her by the throat and choke the breath out of her body. Through her brain went whirling the recollection of his last words to her that afternoon, "They'll find me ready if they come for trouble." She wondered if he had been ready for them or if they had surprised him! She had heard the shots. Chase could not have fired them all. Was he now lying dead in that blazing—She screamed aloud with the thought of it!

"Can't something be done?" she cried again and again, without taking her gaze from the doomed bungalow. She turned fiercely upon Bobby Browne, her countryman. Afterward she recalled that he stood staring as she had stared, Lady Depplingham clasping his arm with both of her hands. The glance also took in the face of Depplingham. He was looking at his wife, and his eyes were wide and glassy, but not with terror. "It may not be too late," again cried the princess. "There are enough of us here to make an effort, by—"

—he said, low tones. He may be alive and trapped up—"

"You're right!" shouted Browne. "He's not the kind to go down with the first lurch. We must go to him. We can get there in ten minutes. Britt! Where are the guns? Are you with us, Depplingham?"

He did not wait for an answer, but dashed out of the garden and down the steps, calling to his wife to follow. "Stop!" shouted Depplingham. "We dare not leave this place! If they have turned against Chase, they are also ready for us. I'm not a coward, Browne. We're needed here, that's all. It's too late to help Chase. They've got him, poor devil! Everybody huddled close to the guns if possible and cut off the servants' quarters. We must not let them surprise us. Follow me!"

There was wisdom in what he said, and Browne was not slow to see it clearly. With a single penetrating glance at Geneva's despairing face, he shook his head gloomily and turned to follow Depplingham, who was hurrying off through the corridor with her ladyship.

At last, for above, who saw the glimmer of a light. It was too late to be a star, and it moved back and forth.

Hardly it dawned upon her that it was at the top of the cliff which overhung the garden and stretched away in the sea. Some one was up there waving a lantern. She was thinking mad and fast, a light breaking in upon her understanding. Something like a shot into her being. Who else could it be if not Chase? He alone would call out her name. He was alive!

She called out his name shrilly, her face raised eagerly to the bobbing light. Not until hours afterward was Geneva to resent the use of her Christian name by the man in the clouds.

Flashing over, she grasped the knot-end of the rope. A glance and a single tug were sufficient to convince her that the other end was attached to a support at the top of the cliff. A long taut and heavy, lifeless. A sharp tug from above caused it to

treble violently in her hands. She dropped it as if it were a serpent. Again she heard the shout, and this time she called out a question.

"Yes," was the answer, for above, "Can you hear me?" Greatly excited, she called back that she could hear and understand. "I'm coming down the rope. Pray for us—but don't worry! I'm going to hold on until we land in the garden. It's a long drop, you know."

"Are you quite sure—in it safe?" she called, shuddering at the thought of the terrible descent of nearly 300 feet sheer through the darkness.

"It's safer than stopping here. Please go inside."

She fully comprehended his meaning. He wanted to save her from seeing his fall in the event that the worst should come to pass. Scarcely knowing what she did, she moved over into the shadow near the walls and waited breathlessly, all the time wondering why some one did not come from the chateau to lend assistance.

At last that portion of the rope which lay in the garden began to jerk and writhe vigorously. She knew then that he was coming down hand over hand through that long, dangerous stretch of darkness. The cliff reared itself sheer to the height of 300 feet directly behind the chateau. At the summit of this great wall a shelving ledge projected over the hanging garden. A rope dangling from this ledge would fall into the garden not far from the edge nearest the cliff. The summit of the cliff could be gained only by traversing the mountain slope from the other side. It was impossible to scale it from the floor of the valley which it bounded.

The rope was undoubtedly attached to the trunk of a sturdy tree at the brow of the cliff.

She could look no longer. It seemed hours since he started from the top. Every heart beat brought him nearer to safety, but would he hold out? Any instant might bring him, crashing to her feet—dead, after all that he may have lived through during that awful night.

At last she heard his heavy panting—groaning almost—the creaking and straining of the rope, the scraping of his hands and body. She opened her eyes and saw the bulky, swaying shadow not twenty feet above the garden. Slowly it drew nearer the grass covered floor, foot by foot, straining, struggling, gasping in the dual supreme effort, and then with a sudden rush the black mass collapsed, the taut rope sprung loose, the end switching and leaping violently.

Genevra rushed frantically across the garden, half fearful, half joyous. As she came up the mass seemed to divide itself into two parts. One sank limply to the ground, the other stood erect for a second and then dropped beside the prostrate, gasping figure.

Chase had come down the rope with another human being clinging to his body!

Genevra fell to her knees beside the man who had accomplished this miracle. She grasped his hands, warm and sticky with blood. She tried to lift his head from the ground, moaning with pity all the time, uttering words of encouragement in his ear.

Many minutes passed. At last Chase gave over gasping and began to breathe regularly, but heavily. The strain had been tremendous. Only superhuman strength and will had carried him through the ordeal. He groaned with pain as the two beside him lifted him to a sitting posture.

"Tell Selim to come ahead!" he gasped, his bloody hand at his throat. "We're all right!"

Then, for the first time, Geneva peered in the darkness at the figure beside her—a slight, graceful woman in oriental garb. The woman turned and lifted her face to the heights from which she had descended. In a shrill, eager voice she called out something in a language strange to the princess. A faint shout came from on high, and once more the rope began to writhe.

The princess passed her hand over her eyes, bewildered. The face of the woman in the light, half shaded, half illumined, was gloriously beautiful—youthful, dark, brilliant!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet, a look of understanding coming into her eyes. This was one of the Persians! He had saved her! A feeling of revulsion swept over her, compelling the first natural, womanly pride in the deed of a brave man.

Chase struggled weakly to his feet. He saw the tense, straining figure before him and, putting out his hand, said:

"She is Selim's wife. I am stronger than he is. I thought her down!" Then,

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THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S.

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Looking upward anxiously, he murmured: "Be careful, Belim! It's easy if you take your time to it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEENAH.

"SHE was my life," Neenah, saved my life. It was the next morning, and Chase was relating his experiences to an eager, untravelling company in the breakfast room. "She has a sister whose husband was one of the leaders in the attack. Neenah told Belim, and Belim told me. That's all. Days ago Belim and I climbed the rope at the top of the cliff, snatching just such an emergency as this and intending to use it if we could reach the chateau in no other way. I figured that they would cut off all other means of getting into your grounds."

"Neenah came up from the village ahead of the attacking party, out of breath and terribly frightened. We didn't waste a second, let me tell you. Grabbing up our guns, we got out through the rear and made a dash across the stable yard. It was near midnight. The servants, all of whom were up and ready to join in the fight, attempted to head us off. We had a merry little lough of real warfare just back of the stables. It was as dark as pitch, and I don't believe we hit anybody. But it was lively scrambling for a minute or two, let me tell you."

Deppehman's big blue eyes were fairly snapping. His wife put her hand on his shoulder with an impulsive strange to her, and Chase saw a light blaze in her eyes. "I hope you killed a few of 'em. Herve 'em jolly well right?"

"Belim says he stumbled over something that grunted as we were racing for the back room. I was looking out for Neenah. He glanced involuntarily from Lady Agnes to the princess, a touch of confusion suddenly assailing him. "Belim covered the retreat," he added hastily. "Instead of keeping the road we turned up the embankment and struck into the forest. Dropping down behind the bushes, we watched those devils from the town race pell-mell, howling and shouting, down the chateau road. There must have been a hundred of 'em. Fifteen minutes later the banglow was aflame. It was as bright as day, and I had no trouble in



"They will dispose of us wholesale, not by the piece."

recognizing Isamu in the crowd. Belim led the way, and I followed with Neenah. Hang it all, Browne, I didn't have time to move that case of cigarettes. I'm out nearly a hundred boxes."

"You might have saved the cigarettes if you hadn't been so occupied in saving the fair Neenah," said her ladyship, with a provoking smile.

"Alas, I thought of that also, but too late! Still, virtue was its own reward. Imagine my delight when we stopped to rest to have Neenah divide her own little store of Turkish cigarettes with me. We had a bully smoke up there in the wood."

"Belim, too?" asked Browne casually.

"Oh, no! Belim was exploring," said Chase easily.

"Neenah is very beautiful," ventured Lady Agnes.

"She is exquisite," replied Chase, with the utmost sang froid. "Belim bought her last winter for a ten carat ruby and a pint of sapphires."

"That explains her overwhelming love for Belim," said the princess quietly. Chase looked into her eyes for a moment and smiled inwardly.

"We finally got to the edge of the cliff and unfastened the rope, which we already had fastened to the trunk of a tree. I was obliged to carry Neenah for the last quarter of a mile, poor little girl. She was tied to my back, leaving my throat and chest free, and down we came. Simplest thing in the world. Presto! Here am I with my happy family at my heels."

"Well, we can't sit here and dawdle all day!" exclaimed Deppehman. "We must be moving about—arrange our batteries and all that, don't you know. We've got to stave these devils off for two or three weeks at least, and we'll have to look sharp. Browne, that's the third cup of coffee you've had. Come along! This isn't Boston."

As they left the breakfast room Chase stepped to Genera's side and walked with her. At the foot of the stairs, where they were to part, she extended her hand, a bright smile in her eyes.

"You were and are very brave and good," she said. He withheld his hand, and she dropped hers, hurt and strangely vexed. "Don't you care for my approval, or do you?"

"You forget, princess, that my hands are still suffering from the bravery you would land," he said, holding them resolutely behind his back.

"Oh, I remember!" she cried in quick

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

comprehension. "They were cut and bruised by the rope. How thoughtless of me! What are you doing for them? Come, Mr. Chase, may I not dress them for you? I am capable—I am not afraid of wounds. We have had many of them in our family, and fatal ones too." She was eager now and earnest.

He shook his head with a smile on his lips. "I thank you. They are better, much better, and they have been quite properly bandaged already."

"Neenah?"

"Yes," he replied gently. She seemed to search his mind with a quick, intense look into his eyes. Then she smiled and said, "I'll promise not to bruise the wounds if you'll only be so good as to shake hands with me."

He took her slender hand in his broad, white swathed palm and pressed it fervently regardless of the pain which would have caused him to cringe if engaged in any other pursuit.

There was no longer any doubt as to the intentions of the disappointed banders. Von Blitz and Isamu had convinced them that their cause was seriously jeopardized. They were made to see the necessity for permanently removing the white pretenders from their path.

Deppehman, on account of his one line position in the British army, was chosen chief officer of the beleaguered "chateau." A strict espionage was set upon the native servants despite Belim's assurances of loyalty. Lookouts were posted in the towers, and a consequence which was to be kept day and night. Chase on his first visit to the west tower discovered a long unused, unlighted, of powerful dimensions, fortunately for the besieged, the electric light plant was located in the chateau grounds and could not be tampered with from the outside.

Blitz was put in charge of the night patrol, Saunders the day. Belim under orders had covered the long rope with a single rifle shot. No one could hope to reach the chateau by way of the cliff.

Extra precautions were taken to guard the women from attacks from the inside. The window bars were locked securely, and heavy bolts were placed on the doors leading to the lower regions. It was now only too apparent that Bkages and Wyckholme had wrought well in anticipation of a rebellion by the native shareholders. Each window had its adjustable grates; every outer door was protected by heavy iron gates.

By nightfall Deppehman's forces were in full possession of every advantage that their position afforded.

Chase came from his room, still stiff and sore, but with fresh, white bandages on his blistered hands. He asked and received permission to light a cigarette and then dropped wearily into a seat near the princess, who sat upon the stone railing. Her trim, graceful figure was outlined against the darkness.

A delicate, sensuous fragrance exhaled from her person, filling him with an indescribable delight and languor; the spell of her beauty was upon him, and he felt the lamp of his blood.

"If I were you," he said at last, reluctant to demystify the picture, "I wouldn't sit up there. It would be a very simple matter for one of our friends to pick you off with a shot from below. Please let me pull up a chair for you."

She smiled languidly, without a trace of uneasiness in her manner.

"Dear officer of the day, do you think they are so foolish as to pick us off in parties? Not at all. They will dispose of us wholesale, not by the piece. By the way, has Neenah been made quite comfortable?"

"I believe so. She and Belim have the room beyond mine, thanks to Lady Deppehman."

"Agnes tells me that she is very interesting—quite like a princess out of a fairy book. You recall the princesses who were always being captured by ogres and evil princes and afterward satisfactorily rescued by those dear knights admissible? Did Belim steal her in the beginning?"

"You forget the pot of sapphires and the big ruby."

"They say that princesses can be bought very cheaply."

"Depends entirely upon the quality of princesses you desire. It's very much like buying rare gems or old paintings. I'd say. Speaking of princesses and ogres, has it occurred to you that you would bring a fortune in the market?"

"Mr. Chase?"

"You know, it's barely possible that you may be put in a matrimonial shop window if Von Blitz and his friends should capture you alive. Ever think of that?"

"Good heavens! You—why, what a horrible thing to say!"

"You won't bring as much in the south sea market as you would in Hapsburg or Paris, but I dare say you could be sold for."

"Please, Mr. Chase, don't suggest anything so atrocious," she cried, something like terror in her voice.

"Neenah's father sold her for a handful of gems," said he, with distinct meaning in his voice. She was silent, and he went on after a moment. "Is there so much difference, after all, where one is sold, just so long as the price is satisfactory to all concerned?"

"You are very unkind, Mr. Chase," she said with quiet dignity. "I do not deserve your sarcasm."

"I humbly plead for forgiveness," he said, suddenly contrite. "It was beastly."

"American wit, I imagine you call it," she said scornfully. "I don't care to talk with you any longer."

"Won't you forgive me? I'm a poor brute—don't lash me. In two or three weeks I'll step down and out of your life; that will be penalty enough, don't you think?"

"For whom?" she asked in a voice so low that he could scarcely hear the words. Then she laughed ironically. "I do forgive. It is all that a prince or a princess is ever asked to do, I'm beginning to believe. I also forgive you for coming into my life."

"If I had been a trifle more intelligent I should not have come into it at all," he said. She turned upon him quickly, stung by the remark.

"Is that the way you feel about it?" she asked sharply.

"You don't understand. A man of intelligence would never have kicked

Prince Karl. As a matter of fact, in trying to kick Prince Karl out of your life I kicked myself into it. A very simple process, and yet so utterly intellectual. A Jackass could have done as much."

"A Jackass may kick at a bug," she paraphrased caustically. "A cat may only look at him. But let us go back to realities. Do you mean to tell me that they—these wretches—would dare to tell me—us, I mean—into the kind of slavery you mention?"

"Yes," he asked soberly, arising and coming quite close to her side. "You are beautiful. X they should take you alive it would be a very simple matter for any one of these men to purchase you from the others. You might easily be kept on this island for the rest of your days and the world would be none the wiser, or you could be sold into Persia or Arabia or Turkey. I am not surprised that you shudder. Von Blitz and Isamu mean to destroy all of us. We are to disappear from the face of the earth. When our friends come to look for us we will have died from the plague and our bodies will have been burned, as they always are in Japan. There will be no one left to deny the story. After tomorrow no ship is due to put in here for three weeks. They will see to it that none of us get out to that ship, nor will the ship's officers know of our peril. The word will go forth that the plague has come to the island. That is the first step, your highness. But there is one obstacle they have overlooked," he concluded. She looked up inquiringly.

"My wards," he said, the whitest smile broadening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOARD A SUBMARINE.

The Crew, the Work and the Kind of Life the Men Lead.

Life aboard a submarine is not so unpleasant or dangerous as one might imagine, but it is entirely different from that led on other types of ships.

The crew, usually consisting of two officers and fourteen men, is selected from volunteers after a most rigid medical examination. Service rarely extends beyond a period of two years, and real work on a submarine is limited to about three weeks in the summer and one in the winter. During the remainder of the time the men live on a "parent" ship or on shore. The boat is, however, put through the various evolutions once every week.

The first impression on entering a submarine is one of heat, the air being rather close and heavy, but the men soon become accustomed to it. Bland room space is about six and one-half feet, and toward both ends the boat tapers away almost to a point. There are no porches. The hallway in the conning tower is the only aperture. Under water electric light is used. There are ventilators, but when the boat dives they are shut off with a cap.

Life on board a submarine is essentially "in common." The way men and many objects are examined together in a narrow space is almost miraculous.

Cooking is done in an electric oven, and no foods which have a strong or disagreeable smell are used. Of course smoking is allowed only when on the surface and then on the bridge. Owing to the character of the men selected discipline is perfect.

There is scarcely any noise in a submarine when submerged. The greatest depth the boat descends does not exceed thirty feet. At that depth her speed is about 8 knots. The air is quite "breathable" for four hours, but in case of emergency the crew can remain closed in for seventy hours without danger.

The men love the life. With the officers they are as one family, sharing everything equally, including the dangers, which are not much to speak of, provided every one does his duty. When the weather is fair there is very little rolling. In rough weather the men escape knocking about by holding on to "steadying lines."—New York Press.

"A Night Hawk Baby."

"Don't you ever put the baby to bed?" an astonished visitor at last exclaimed after the better part of the evening had worn away and the child of six months was still sitting up, gazing cheerfully. The young mother laughed. "Oh, yes," she explained with serene wisdom. "We put baby to bed at 12 p. m., and he sleeps until 2 p. m. Then he has his bath and goes out in the go-cart and sleeps most of the afternoon. Haven't you known many mothers who simply sacrifice all their time to the babies while they are little? I made up my mind before baby came that he would have to conform to our ways, not we conform to his. He has just as much sleep as babies who go to bed at 6 and sleep until 6, and he doesn't interfere with our evenings. We can take him with us when we go out, or we can go feeling that he will be perfectly happy while we are away, because he won't cry for mother until midnight. We're regular night hawks, and so is baby."

The visitor was speechless.

"Don't you think it's a good system?" the mother continued. "We think it is splendid."

"I think," the visitor answered in noncommittal tone, "that it would take a New York mother to invent the system."—New York Press.

The Only Thing Left.

Jeremiah Jinks is rich and stumpy. An acquaintance of his met Jinks' son the other day. "Your father seems to have lost a good deal of money lately. The last time I saw him he was complaining and saying he must economize."

"Economize? Did he say where he was going to begin?"

"Yes," on his table, he said.

"Then he must be going to take away the tablecloth," was the flippant declaration.—Exchange.

Well Bred.

"That's a well bred child."

"You bet she is. Never corrects her parents publicly, no matter what the exigencies of the case may be."—Pittsburg Post.

The Baby, Turtie.

Turtie lay their eggs in the sand and let the sun hatch them out. They do not lay them all in one place probably because they think it safer to scatter them. Then, even though one be stolen or broken, the others may escape. The mother turtle covers them all carefully up, and after another, with a thin sprinkling of sand and then apparently never gives them another thought, considering her maternal duty done. Certain it is that she has never been discovered going near these egg babies again, and when they hatch at last the tiny soft backed creatures at once begin crawling around in search of flies and other food as independently as if there were no such thing as a mother in the world. A little girl who found one of these odd oblong turtle eggs on a sandy river bank in Louisiana took it home and put it in a teneap on the table for safe keeping. A few hours later a slight noise was noticed in that direction, and on looking in the cup again she found a baby turtle, full fledged, but tiny, scrambling about among the bits of its broken eggshell cradle.

Ravens and the Hapsburgs.

Henri de Waddel tells the story of the late Empress Elizabeth and the ravens which Maurus Joki gave in an article at the time of her majesty's tragic death. Early in her life Elizabeth wrote some verses in Hungarian on the subject of the raven, the bird of ill omen, which plays a great part in the history of the Hapsburgs. According to the Imperial poetess, a flight of ravens was hovering over Olmutz when Francis Joseph received from his uncle's hands the crown which was destined to infect upon him such miseries. A raven followed Maximilian and Charlotte on their last walk before their departure for Mexico, and when Maria Christina was starting to receive the crown of Spain, which was one day to be so grievous a burden, a raven flew over the horses' heads and accompanied the carriage to the railway station. These incidents were the subject of the poem.—Westminster Gazette.

Room For Improvement.

A certain estimable old gentleman is at all times worth listening to, though occasionally his grammar is scarcely perfect. He was dining on one occasion with the local squire, when, much to the disgust of his worthy host, a trifling error on the old gentleman's part was pointed upon and loudly repeated by the son and heir of the house. There was a painful silence, broken at length by the host.

"My son," he remarked quietly to the young fellow, "there are times, I admit, when our old friend's speech is a little peculiar. At such times you might be of mutual assistance to each other."

"In what way, sir?" asked the son.

"Well," was the severe rejoinder. "You might give Mr. X. a lesson or two in grammar, in return for which I have no doubt he would assist you to patch up the holes in your manners."—London Tit-Bits.

Applied Christianity.

Mother had baked several varieties of cakes, among them being some small, decorated ones for the children. All had received their share and were busy disposing of them upon the back veranda—that is, all except Isabel, who for some misdemeanor had been refused a share of the feast. Now Isabel was four years old and had been attending a Sunday school for several weeks past, and in the school she learned a number of texts. She stood by the window watching the others make merry until her longing was too much for childish patience. So she walked over to the table, reached out her hand and solemnly repeated, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Then a list closed firmly upon the largest, dust cake.—Woman's Home Companion.

Funeral Stories.

The great French artist Ingres when in Rome had a violent cold, and Mottez asked him how he managed to catch it. Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of M. X.

"What—X, the artist?" said Mottez. "I thought you hated him."

"That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres.

Several years ago, at the funeral of a well known fire insurance official in Liverpool, which was attended by his staff, it was remarked that an unexpectedly large number of them attended.

On one of them being asked for an explanation he said: "We wouldn't have missed it on any account. We want to be sure that he is buried."

The great artist, like the obscure clerk, has his little tricks.

All For the Men.

A parson was sent for by a dying parishioner, who had always sternly refused to have anything to do with him before. He hurried to her bedside, found her in a most contrite mood and made the best of his opportunities in a long extemporized prayer, ending with a sonorous "Amen!"

The last word made her sit up with sudden energy. "Aye," she exclaimed, "that's it! It's a' for men and now for us poor women in this world!"

Wind Wheelbarrows.

One of the strangest sights in China is the wind wheelbarrow. It is drawn by a donkey, and when the wind is fair a sail is set. The wheel turns in the middle of a wooden frame, sustained by iron bars. Upon the frame are hung all kinds of utensils. The donkey is generally mounted by the paterfamilias, the son and heir is at the stern assisting all he can, while the mother and younger ones ride on the vehicle.

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The Mercury.

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Saturday, November 27, 1909.

The fellow who thinks the President would prefer person to a Rhode Island turkey must have a depraved, not to say vicious, taste himself.

The movement to make ex-President Roosevelt governor of New York is gaining ground and it looks as though he might be a favorable candidate when the time for nomination comes round.

On his trip through the West and South President Taft invited the people to play him a reciprocal visit, in Washington. The new addition to the White House will come in handy this winter.

President Meles says the tunnel project for the east side in Providence is indefinitely postponed. He claims that the city council committee has not kept its agreement with him made in Boston sometime ago.

There was to be a total eclipse of the moon last night, and we presume it took place as advertised, but as this paper went to press before the hour designated for the eclipse we cannot vouch for the performance.

Mr. Roosevelt has been heard from to the effect that all spots of his injury of death are untrue. Whether the lie is malicious, unqualified, deliberate, premeditated or merely short and ugly the cablegram does not state.

New York will eventually have the distinction of being the most belated city on the continent. So many holes have been bored in the island that the interior of it looks like the most active mining camp in Nevada.

The new ten-cent stamps which are soon to be issued will be printed in a rich brown ink on yellow paper. This will be a curious combination but it may look all right. At any rate the stamp will pass for ten cents just as well as if the combination were more harmonious.

The State returning board are still at work counting the votes cast on November 2. They have thus far got about half the votes of the city of Providence counted, and no great changes have been made. At the present rate of progress the board will not finish for several weeks yet.

A million dollar corporation has been formed, chartered at Albany, to manufacture airplanes for public use. Some of the directors are Cornelius Vanderbilt, August Belmont, Howard Gould, Theodore B. Shonks, Edward J. Bernand, Robert J. Collier, and Russell A. Alger. It is expected that in the course of a short time airplanes will be as common as automobiles.

The saying "Nobody loves a fat man," will hardly apply to President Taft. He is certainly fat. His clothes look as though they hung to him under protest but wherever he goes, whether North or South, he captures the people all right. The universal expression at Norfolk, Va., the other day after the President had made three speeches, was that he always said the right thing at the right time and his bearers, representing places from Maine to Florida, applauded with a will.

Mr. Carnegie's second President Taft in the waterway meetings held on the Virginia coast. As he is still in danger of dying rich, Mr. Carnegie might, as an object lesson, pay for a ship canal or two out of his own pocket.—*Albion Democrat.*

We second the motion and would suggest that he begin with the canal across Rhode Island. As he has promised to come here next year perhaps he may be willing to shovel dirt about that time.

The city election comes off one week from next Tuesday. That far has been but little excitement over it, but from now on things will begin to get a little more lively. The nominations are now all in. It has been somewhat of a job to find enough candidates to go around, but the number was finally filled. It is more evident every year that interest in this large overgrown representative council is rapidly waning. It is difficult to find enough to take the office, or still more difficult to find those willing to attend the meetings after they are elected. The business the past year has been done most of the time with a bare quorum.

One of the leading express companies has just trebled its stock and declared a stock dividend of \$300 a share. At the same time the United States Government collector 6 cents postage on a 4-pound parcel in the mails, though 40,000 rural delivery carriers make a daily round with light loads. A 4-pound parcel can be mailed to London for 45 cents postage, 50 cents between any two domestic offices, no matter how near to each other; the postage required is 64 cents. Does Congress ever intend to take notice of these postage rate difficulties, and at the same time establish a little healthy competition to the express companies, that since the interstate law went into effect have largely increased their rates. As for the consumer it concerned the interstate law has thus far proved a "delusion and a snare."

Waterways Convention.

The Second Annual Convention of the Atlantic Deepwater Waterways Association, held in Norfolk, Va., last week, was an exceedingly interesting and valuable meeting. There were 718 accredited delegates present from every Atlantic coast State from Maine to Florida. There were some twenty members of Congress in the list of delegates, and several Governors, including our own popular Governor Arthur J. Parker. Something over 800 new members were added to the membership roll in addition to the delegates mentioned above. The papers and discussions that were heard during the three days had a most important bearing on the great question of cheaper freight rates, and in this matter Rhode Island and all New England is vitally interested, although New England shows far less interest in this great movement than do the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina and the other States on the South Atlantic coast.

President Taft honored the convention with his presence and made three addresses during his stay in Norfolk, all of which touched the key note and were heartily applauded. The President has won the hearts of the South and from the expression heard on all sides in Norfolk, the Southern States will compete with their northern sisters three years hence to see who can roll up the biggest majority for him.

The bringing of this great convention to Rhode Island next year was a big victory for the little force of delegates present from this State, only seven in all. Atlantic City and Wilmington, N. C., both put in strong bids, and both were represented by large delegations of workers. When the final vote came after two days of skirmishing and a good deal of discussion Rhode Island won by a large majority.

The Third Annual Convention will therefore be held in Rhode Island in September of next year. There will at that time be not less than two thousand delegates in attendance. President Taft has promised to be present, as has also Andrew Carnegie who was at the Norfolk meeting. The Convention will be held in Providence but in all probability one day will be devoted to Newport and probably one to the great manufacturing industries of the Blackstone Valley from Pawtucket to Woonsocket. It will be a convention that will bring together United States Senators, Congressmen, Governors of States, manufacturers, and all those from Maine to Florida who are interested in the great question of transportation.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia is the President of this association and he is a man indefatigable in anything he undertakes. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit and idea of cheap transportation between the North and the South. Congressman Small of North Carolina, one of the Vice Presidents, is also an able and eloquent advocate of the interior waterways.

At the Norfolk Convention Governor Potter and Admiral Sperry read very important and interesting papers, and August Belmont gave an interesting talk on the work of building the Cape Cod Canal. Mr. Parish of this city was on the committee on credentials and Senator Sanborn was chairman of the committee on time and place of the next convention and presented Rhode Island's claims and invitations.

Thomas D. Taylor, late president of the defunct New England Trust Co., of Providence, and the author of the Taylor system of banking, who has been in jail at Cranston for nearly a year and a half, has been released on his agreement to pay fifty thousand dollars to the creditors of the institution.

Recently in Jamaica the rainfall in seven days amounted to 90 inches. In spite of many afflictions the island maintains a cheerful spirit and is getting along swimmingly.

A Kansas hen has laid an egg bearing the prophetic inscription, "drought 1911." This is what comes from operating a poultry farm in a prohibition country, says an Exchange.

Mr. Taft was pretty tired on arriving home from his trip, but the gang of politicians camping out under the plum orchard must have made him tired.

Aeroplaneing will never be as popular as automobileing. Up in the air there is no chance for Mr. Newrych to daze the piebald pedestrian.

One reason for American prosperity lies in the fact that foreign capital flows in here rather than out.

Rhode Island at least is satisfied with Senator Aldrich. The Republicans of that State, in their convention, adopted resolutions highly eulogistic of the gentleman and of his part in framing the Payne-Tamm bill.—*Providence Democrat.*

Many a girl who wouldn't walk a mile to save a street car fare will go through with 20 cents' worth of a treat, each involving half a mile of prancing around a beated bull.

"If you'd ascribe a more genial manner, you'd get along better in business."

"But I tried it once, and every body I met wanted to borrow money."

Young Wife.—"Till death, I do," is an original composition of my own. Husband.—"Well, I should rather let you know that you would soon after the first death."

Dearheart Mother.—And what will those deduction bills and all that, I understand says to myself. "Appa are the picture what never let my children," I say.—*London Bylander.*

A Race in Prospect.

Mr. Thomas D. Taylor arrived in New York this week. He announced that he would at an early date issue through the Royal Yacht Club a challenge for next season, and said that he has every reason to believe that the challenge would be accepted by the American yachtsmen. Let us hope that Mr. Taylor is correct. A good yacht race next year will be an important event. It should be called off Newport, as this is the only perfect course on the coast. If it could be sailed from here it would be the means of attracting many thousands of people to this city. Mr. Taylor is building two boats, one as a trial ship. The challenger will be spectacular, being 80 feet on the waterline, with a large sail area as the last Blom-rack. This is to be the principal design of the new yacht.

Mr. Taylor said there was a widespread feeling in America that the New York Yacht Club should not refuse to accept the challenge. If it does, he says, the cup should be placed in a museum as a historic relic of the past. He says American yachtsmen encouraged him to challenge again, assuring him that the challenge was almost certain of a favorable reception. He wants to see under the universal rules.

To Control the Party.

"It is the 'middle man' that is at the heart of the insurgent movement in the Middle West rather than the people," remarked Col. Lufz Young, editor of the New Yorker "Capital," at the New Willard.

"I mean by this that I do not believe there is any deep-seated sympathy among the people with the cause of the insurgents. This movement emanates from the leaders and not from the people. My analysis of the insurgent movement in Iowa is that the followers of Senator Cummins are supporting him not because they have any deep interest in the movement he is leading, but because they admire him and believe he is right. Senator Cummins is a strong and urgent leader and he has a very large following. I should say that the same analysis might apply to other States."

"The whole thing appears to me to be a struggle for leadership. The insurgents are endeavoring to wrest the leadership from the old leaders. What the result will be it is difficult to say. There is no doubt that the insurgents are in earnest, and any movement of this kind may result in a division or reorganization of the party, but I have confidence that before the administration of President Taft is half over he will have harmonized the factions. The President is just as anxious to keep his party together as was President Roosevelt. The latter signed the rate bill when he did not like it any more than Taft liked the tariff bill, but it was a political necessity. I believe the new tariff law is a good one, or if it had not been for the so-called 'insurgents' the people would have accepted it without a murmur."

"Taft has won a host of friends in the West," added Col. Young. "He has 'made good' that is sure, and he has made good because he is strong and brainy and patriotic and honest. The people should be gratified that they have such a man for President. He is a great successor of McKinley and Roosevelt, and where could we find three more splendid examples of American citizenship than they?"

"Iowa is simply rolling in wealth," said Col. Young. "We have had a magnificent corn crop, and money is plentiful. They can't make automobiles fast enough to supply the demand, not only in the cities, but in the country. This is pretty good evidence of the prosperity of a community."

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Nov. 25, 1909.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 30 to Dec. 4, warm wave Nov. 29 to Dec. 5, cool wave Dec. 2 to 6. This disturbance is expected to inaugurate a long period of rising temperatures, unusually warm weather, a lack of snow and very little rain.

Second disturbance of December will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 4, cross Pacific slope by close of Dec. 4, central valleys 6 to 8, eastern states 9. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 4, great central valleys 6, eastern states 8. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 7, great central valleys 9, eastern states 11.

This disturbance will give the temperatures another push upward and we will wonder whether spring-time is returning. Very little rain and no snow except far northward. At that time we will be at the beginning of a long spell of fine dry, warm weather. Winter wheat will take on a large growth and farmers will take advantage of the good weather in delivering large quantities of grain to the markets.

These conditions will have a large influence in depressing prices of grain. A large acreage of winter wheat has been sown and the splendid weather of December will give it a large root and top growth. If later weather should be severe this heavy top growth of wheat will protect the roots and seem to indicate a large yield of wheat next year.

December will be an unusually warm month. Highest temperatures will be during the week centering on Dec. 16. Not much snow or rain from Dec. 6 to 16. Later date will be followed by a cool wave and later by a cold wave. Some rain or snow Dec. 16 to 27 and then dry to end of month.

Severe winter storms will come during the week centering on Dec. 20 and blustering weather not far from Dec. 22. Last of month will be warm and threatening, and the month will come to a close.

That Has Been Overlooked.

The Chicago "Evening Post" in looking over the increased cost of woolen clothing, caused by the new tariff, is somewhat cheered by the thought that the Congressmen also have to buy clothing. His the increased cost of woolen clothing of hiders and footwears caused by the new tariff putting prices on the fuel and putting the 15 per cent duty into the pockets of the importers instead of into the United States Treasury.—*Bay City Tribune.*

A Persian philosopher says: "The goat climbs the rocky hill, the wise man takes the valley road."

Fire at Baleman's.

The fire department was called out for a long hard run several hours before day light Wednesday morning, responding to an alarm from box 511 which is situated on Harrison avenue. A short time after three o'clock the patrolman from the Revere's Reef Life Saving Station discovered a fire in a shed on the Baleman place. He at once aroused the occupants of the house and word was telephoned to the headquarters to have the alarm struck. Before the department reached the scene the men on the place and the men from the Life Saving Station had worked industriously and kept the fire under control so that the regular firemen had little work to do when they arrived.

The cause of the fire is unknown. When the shed was closed for the night there was no fire in it, although it had been over there during the day.

Alfred Schrader President.

(Norfolk, Va., Landmark.)

It was decided last night at a meeting of the 200,000 League to continue the organization and put forth every effort to bring manufacturing plants here and to give the city publicity and advance the great commercial advantages of Norfolk.

The following officers were elected: Alfred Schrader, president; Joseph B. Newsum, vice president; R. B. Hood, acting secretary; Garland P. Peck, treasurer.

In accepting the presidency, Mr. Schrader made this statement: "I want the co-operation of all members and of the entire community and I urge a united effort by all organizations to promote the manufacturing of all kinds of materials in Norfolk. The Norfolk Waterways Convention brought before me more than ever the immense possibilities of Norfolk's future and we must realize that what we do today to advance her prosperity will not alone rebound to the advantage of everyone and to every business man, but will mean even more to those who come after us in future years."

"I ask your hearty co-operation. I can accomplish very little alone; I need every one's support and with it I believe we will work out our policy and our efforts will tend to the welfare and prosperity of every man, woman and child in Norfolk and Tidewater Virginia."

Mr. Alfred Schrader is a well known Newport boy, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Schrader, and the owner of a large millinery store in Norfolk.

It is generally believed that before long Hermann Klaessens, the former secretary of the Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building, will be brought back to Newport to stand trial on the charges against him. It will be remembered that Klaessens disappeared from Newport very suddenly some months ago and that the bonding company which was his surety was called upon to make up a loss to the association. Since that time the bonding company has had detectives constantly at work looking for him, and it is understood that he has been located in the West. As a surety company never lets up on a man who has caused it a loss it is probable that he will be brought back to Newport for trial as soon as the formalities of the law can be complied with.

Newport has had a rainfall this week that has revived hope in the minds of those interested in the almost serious condition of the water supply in this vicinity. It has rained steadily for several days, and at times the water was accompanied by a violent north-easterly gale that effectively tied up shipping but which fortunately did little damage in this locality. Block Island was completely shut off from communication for some time, and the Wickford line was forced to suspend operations for the day after the noon trip on Wednesday. The mails were seriously delayed and all means of communication were considerably upset. Although the precipitation in Newport was in the form of rain, in other places not far from here there was a heavy fall of wet snow which made the traveling even more disagreeable.

Rocco Barone was on Wednesday sentenced to six months at the State workhouse on the charge of being a common drunkard. His commitment was the result of a visit of the police to his home on Market square to remove the belongings of his daughter who had decided that she could no longer live with him. While the officer was on the lower floor he heard a shot on the floor above where he had just left Barone. Investigation revealed the fact that Barone had probably attempted to shoot himself in the head but his aim had been poor and the bullet had gone wide of the mark. As it happened, the bullet entered the house of Charles Ritt and embedded itself in the wall of a room that was occupied by a child, but without injury. Barone was then taken to the Police Station and sentenced.

Misplaced Bounties.

Editor Newport MERCURY:—It seems that the system of bounties on animal pests is very defective in Rhode Island. There is a bounty for the destruction of owls—a very useful bird, for it destroys mice and other pests and does no harm. So also some hawks destroy mice and rats and do no harm. There is no bounty against gray squirrels, which eat much field corn and acorns and nuts which replenish the woods with saplings; also they destroy birds nests and they do no good. There is no bounty against weasels, a very destructive animal. Nor is there any against field rats and muskrat (I think) both very destructive. The skunk, though it destroys chickens, does much good in eating out worms (its principal diet)—J. C.

"Did the father of the bride give her away?" "Far from it. He told the bridegroom she had the disposition of an angel."—*Baltimore American.*

Middletown.

Thanksgiving services were held at the Methodist Church last Sunday. In the evening the annual Harvest Concert was presented by the members of the Sunday School.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society met with Mr. C. E. Delamater on Thursday evening.

Mr. J. O'Brien Packham has been invited to spend the winter. He has been employed by the Large Construction Company in building roads in Western Massachusetts.

The Oliphant Reading Club will give a musicale at the Holy Cross United House next Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen P. Barker entertained a large party of friends over Thanksgiving.

Under the auspices of the "Bundles & Bells" a Thanksgiving bazaar was conducted Tuesday evening at Holy Cross United House with an attendance of about 60. Despite the continued rain there was much enthusiasm manifested and the baskets sold well, netting about \$25.00.

The Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Delamater are spending Thanksgiving at West Bridgewater, Mass., as guests of Mr. Delamater's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lydell.

Mr. Lydia B. Chase, chairman of the ways and means committee to raise the necessary funds for the alterations and improvements at the Methodist Parsonage, received this week a check for \$30.00 from the Ladies' Aid Society of the church.

INQUEST IS ORDERED

Result of Inquiry Into Death of Twenty-Four Little Ones

Providence, Nov. 26.—A coroner's inquest into the cause of death of twenty-four babies in the Myrtle baby home was ordered after a consultation between Attorney General Greenough and Medical Examiner Allison of East Providence. The babies died between June 17 and Nov. 16.

Dr. Allison held an autopsy on the body of the latest victim and said that the case warranted further investigation.

Marion B. Babcock, coroner, will set the date for the investigation shortly. Dr. Allison said: "I have conferred with several persons and the attorney general and find the inquest necessary."

WEEKLY ALMANAC

NOVEMBER 1909	STANDARD TIME	Run	Run	High water
		1st	2nd	3rd
30 Sat	6 11 4	11 4	11 4	11 4
1 Sun	6 11 4	11 4	11 4	11 4
2 Mon	6 11 4	11 4	11 4	11 4
3 Tues	6 11 4	11 4	11 4	11 4
4 Wed	6 11 4	11 4	11 4	11 4
5 Thurs	6 11 4	11 4	11 4	11 4
6 Fri	6 11 4	11 4	11 4	11 4

Last Quarter 4th day, 11:30 a.m., evening New Moon 14th day, 11:30 a.m., evening 1st Quarter 22nd day, 11:30 a.m., evening Full Moon 29th day, 11:30 a.m., evening

Desirable Real Estate Opportunities.

1st.—Some 6 acres of land on Conditon Island, within 2 miles of Jamestown, right on the sea. An unusually cheap chance to close an estate. \$1,500.

2nd.—A first-class cottage in Newport (ready to step into and live), 8 rooms, heated, lighted, bath room, etc., owner leaving city. On one of the pleasantest corners in Newport \$2500.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

182 Bellevue Avenue

Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 19th inst., Mary Ellen Fitzgerald, daughter of the late William and Bridget Fitzgerald, aged 72 years.

In this city, 19th inst., Charlotte Ball, aged 72 years.

In this city, 19th inst., Molly A., daughter of Michael and Julia Sheehan, aged 21 years.

In this city, 19th inst., Mrs. Katherine Catterall Jennings.

In this city, 20th inst., at his residence, 25 Dearborn street, James, son of the late Margaret and Daniel Murphy.

In this city, 20th inst., Harriet W., wife of Thomas T. Easton, aged 35 years.

In this city, 20th inst., Mary Tabery, aged 67 years.

In this city, 23d inst., William Carney, son of Michael and the late Catherine Carney, aged 15 years and 6 months.

In this city, 23d inst., Henry Hartline, to 41 years.

In this city, 23d inst., Florence G. Testman Cornell, aged 31 years.

In this city, Nov. 24, Melville Alcom, son of the late Howard Alcom, LL. D., and Lydia Shelden.

In this city, 25th inst., Carl H. Jurgens, aged 55 years.

In Jamestown, 25th inst., Edward, son of the late Isaac and Eliza Johnson, aged 20 years.

On Nov. 26, 1909, Marie Server, beloved wife of George L. Thayer, aged 31 years, at her residence, Hotel Grampian, 132 St. Nicholas ave., New York.

In New York, on Monday, Nov. 22, Annie B. Angell, wife of the late Frank Angell, and mother of Mrs. John J. Mason of Newport.

In Providence, 26th inst., Frank M. Orlinton, in his 76th year.

In East Greenwich, 21st inst., Henry P. Eldridge, in his 68th year.

STANDARD OIL MUST CLOSE UP

Great Combination Declared by

Court to Be Illegal

ITS DISSOLUTION IS ORDERED

Sweeping Victory For United States

Against Parent Organization—Ap-

peal to Supreme Court to Be Made

by Defendants—Cannot Assume Dis-

order Form With Intention of Stifling

Competition—Once Long in Courts

St. Paul, Nov. 22.—In an opinion written by Judge Graham of St. Paul and concurred in by Judges Anderson, Hook and Adams, with a special concurring opinion by Judge Hook, the United States circuit court for the eastern district of Missouri handed down a decision declaring the Standard Oil company of New Jersey an illegal combination operating in restraint of trade and ordering its dissolution.

The opinion of the court was filed simultaneously in St. Louis and in St. Paul.

In this direction the government of the United States wins a sweeping victory, and, according to Frank B. Kellogg of this city, who was the government's special prosecuting officer, the government has won every point for which it contended.

The case will be appealed direct to the United States supreme court, inasmuch as the judges who signed the decree are in effect the judges of the United States circuit court of appeals, although they were sitting today this case on the circuit court for the eastern district of Missouri.

Frank B. Kellogg, who was the government's special prosecuting officer, said: "I have conferred with several persons and the attorney general and find the inquest necessary."

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REVOLUTION IS SPREADING

Nicaraguan Rebels Are Maintaining an Effective Blockade
SHOTS FIRED AT GREYTOWN

Official View at Washington That Greco and Cannon Were Not Subject to Death Penalty in Any Event—Clear Violation of Costa Rican Sovereignty—Cruiser Prairie Ready to Sail to Southern Waters

Washington, Nov. 25.—The revolution in Nicaragua is spreading. In the opinion of Captain Shipley, commander of the United States cruiser Des Moines, which is off the east coast of Nicaragua.

The revolutionary forces are reported to be maintaining an effective blockade and are patrolling off Greytown with two gunboats. Assurance is given that American and foreign interests are being protected.

These are the important facts contained in a cablegram received at the navy department from the commander of the Des Moines at Port Limon.

On Nov. 23 the revolutionary gunboats fired on Greytown, but without effect. The revolutionary forces now have possession of the back country of Nicaragua, including Rama, where fighting is likely to occur. An officer from the Des Moines landed at Greytown, but found only one American citizen.

The department of state received by wireless, by way of Colon, a message of which the following is a translation:

"According to Article 742 of military ordinance, Zelaya had no right to shoot the outposts."

The message was signed "Bob Secretary of State Morera."

It is assumed that he is an anarchist. It was stated that the department would not reply to Morera.

The only American warship on the west coast of Nicaragua is the Vicksburg, lying off Corinto, but no word has come from that ship in the last few days, interrupted telegraphic communications being the only explanation offered. It has gotten to be a matter of common note that the telegraph fails, even in the most perfect weather, when the United States government tries to communicate with one of its diplomatic or consular agents in times of revolution in Central America.

That the explanation is made by the Nicaraguan government of the conditions under which the two Americans, Greco and Cannon, were executed, as forecasted in the news dispatches from Central America, will be unsatisfactory to the state department can safely be predicted. From any point the official view is that the men were entitled to be regarded as prisoners of war, and therefore not subject to the death penalty.

Moreover, if they were captured in Costa Rica, as reported, the act was in clear violation of Costa Rican sovereignty, and may easily involve Costa Rica in war with the Zelayan government if the American government turns to Costa Rica for redress.

Marines Ready to Sail—Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—With her hold stored with provisions and ammunition, the United States cruiser Prairie lies at the Philadelphia navy yard ready to sail for Panama or Nicaragua. Four hundred marines who are to be carried by the cruiser to Caribbean waters are anxiously awaiting the signal to start.

Several weeks ago orders were received at the yard from the navy department at Washington to have the Prairie ready to transport marines to the Isthmus of Panama in December. After the Nicaraguan incident, in which two Americans were shot, orders were received from Washington to advance the sailing time and the cruiser probably will leave on Saturday.

TO SUCCEED CURRY

Chief Justice of New Mexico Will Be Governor of Territory

Washington, Nov. 25.—Chief Justice W. J. Mills of the New Mexico supreme court has been appointed governor of the territory to succeed George Curry, resigned, and he has accepted the office.

For upwards of twenty years Mills has been a resident of the territory of New Mexico. The new governor's family came originally from New Hampshire, and the new appointee is a graduate of Yale, class of '77. Mr. Mills was appointed chief justice of the territory in 1898 by President McKinley.

Congressman Burned to Death—Kansas City, Nov. 24.—Representative David A. DeArmand, one of the most prominent Democratic members of congress, and his grandson, William, aged 6, were burned to death in a fire that destroyed the DeArmand home at Butler, Mo.

Student For Ministry a Suicide—Chicago, Nov. 25.—William F. McCormick, 31 years old, a student at the Moody Biblical institute here, jumped from a third-story window of the institute dormitory and died in a few moments. McCormick is believed to have been mentally deranged.

Named For Superior Court—Boston, Nov. 25.—Charles F. Jencks of Hyde Park was nominated by Governor Draper to be a justice of the superior court in place of the late Judge Bishop. Being a judicial appointee, the nomination went over a week for confirmation.

MRS. CHAPMAN WIDOW

The \$10,000,000 Widow Becomes the Bride of Philip Von Valkenburgh
New York, Nov. 25.—Mrs. William H. Chapman, the \$10,000,000 widow, surprised her friends by being married at her apartments in the Hotel St. Regis to Philip Von Valkenburgh.



MRS. WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN.

Although several men's names have been mentioned as aspirants for her hand, Mrs. Chapman seems to have kept her own counsel, and Von Valkenburgh has not been mentioned as one of her suitors.

Everywhere she went in Europe an army of noble suitors, rich and otherwise, mostly the latter, followed her. She is said to have received upward of 700 love letters.

Von Valkenburgh is a descendant of an old Dutch family of this city. His personal fortune is estimated at \$20,000,000.

STRONG ADVOCATE OF GREENBACKISM

Maine Loses a Noted Citizen
In Death of Solon Chase

Chase's Mills, Me., Nov. 25.—Solon Chase, aged 80 years, the "Sage of the Chase's Mills," the man who won a world-wide reputation for his radical political views and his adherence to the Greenback party, died very suddenly yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Chase was born at Chase's Mills Jan. 14, 1823, the son of Isaac Chase, one of the early settlers, who cleared his own land and established the village of Chase's Mills.

His life was uneventful until he was about 60 years of age, when he "got the Greenback religion and felt a call to preach," and for ten years he was a prominent figure in the political world, stumpng nearly every state in the union, advocating the principles of Greenbackism.

"Then sleep," and "too much hog in the dollar," became household words, and his ideas and principles were admired by thousands who never saw him or heard him speak.

Mr. Chase was twice nominated for congress, but was defeated each time.

SHIPYARDS FOR CANADA

Dominion Government Plans to Build Her Own Navy

Ottawa, Nov. 25.—The cruisers and destroyers for the new Canadian navy will be built in Canada if possible. It is understood that the government feels strongly that the time has come for the establishment of a shipbuilding industry in the Dominion and that the opportunity has arrived with the decision of the government to place orders for a considerable number of important vessels.

Negotiations are going on between the Canadian government and a number of shipbuilding firms for the establishment of one or more modern and thoroughly equipped shipbuilding yards in Canada and there is every indication that an announcement will be made within a short time that a shipyard is to be opened.

FIRST CASE OF ITS KIND

Surgical Operation Gives a Man Control of an Artificial Eye

Cleveland, Nov. 25.—The successful transplantation of fatty tissue from the abdominal wall to the eyecocket of Peter Rothberg, a patient at the city hospital, is announced by Dr. Ibershoff. The operation, according to local surgeons, is the first of its kind recorded.

The conclusive proof was obtained that the tissue has resumed its normal and healthy function. The tissue was used as the base for the setting of an artificial eye. This eye is now susceptible to precisely the same control as to movement as the living eye, it is said by Dr. Ibershoff.

Ammonia as Substitute For Liquor—Worcester, Mass., Nov. 25.—The members of the Worcester branch of the W. C. T. U. are now preparing a petition which will be submitted to the mayor and Chief of Police Matthews to have the ambulance and patrol wagons carry spirits of ammonia for reviving victims of accidents, instead of brandy and whisky.

Baby Now Has Three Eyes—Burrville, Conn., Nov. 24.—Esther Deahles, a year old, thought that the eyes of a toy cat she was playing with were candy, and after working one loose, which was attached with a pin, she swallowed both. The baby is apparently as well as ever, although the eye and pin have not been recovered.

Successful Black Hand Outrage—Danville, Ill., Nov. 24.—An explosion of dynamite in the fruit and wine house of Joseph Mascari damaged twenty-five buildings in the business district of the city to the extent of \$50,000. Mascari believes the "black hand" is responsible for the explosion.

CAPTURED IN CLOVER HOUSE

Hattie Le Blanc Is Found Hiding Under a Bed

POLICE GET GREAT SURPRISE

Were Going Through Home of Murdered Man in Search of Clues—Widow Is Virtually a Prisoner, as It Is Believed That She Concealed Girl Who Was Accused by Her Dying Husband of Having Shot Him

Waltham, Mass., Nov. 25.—Hattie Le Blanc was found by the police last night hiding under the bed of Clarence F. Glover, the man whom she is accused of having murdered in his laundry Saturday evening. The girl was placed under arrest, while Mrs. LeBlanc Glover, widow of the slain man, who, it is believed, has concealed the girl, is virtually a prisoner in her own home.

An officer is stationed in front of it with instructions to allow no one to enter nor to permit Mrs. Glover to leave. The police are convinced that the woman knows more about the tragedy than she has yet told.

The discovery of the much wanted girl took place after Glover's funeral had been held in the house, and while Mrs. Glover, who had barred the door to visitors and detectives alike, was at the grave.

All during the services the girl kept hidden in the bedroom, which is next door to the parlor in which the casket containing the dead man had been placed. None at the funeral was allowed access to this bedroom, and none of the few relatives there dreamed that in the next room to where they sat lay hidden the girl Glover had accused with his dying breath.

Immediately after she was taken into the station house a stenographer and a French interpreter were summoned and the police began their interrogation. The police refused to give out anything that had occurred. Whether or not she had made a full confession, or implicated anyone else in the death of the wealthy laundry proprietor is not known.

When the girl was taken into the station house she did not appear very much excited. She was pale, but apparently cool and far from hysterical. While the police were waiting for a stenographer to arrive Miss LeBlanc asked for something to eat. A generous lunch was brought in, and she ate as if she had been hungry for some time.

It was hinted that her story was strongly implicating another, but the police refused to admit or deny this. Thousands of men and women filed the streets and vacant land about the police station, and not in years has this city been stirred as it was when the news of Hattie LeBlanc's arrest became known.

The suspicions of the police were first aroused that the pretty, petite Cape Breton girl was being concealed by Mrs. Glover during the funeral yesterday afternoon. Sergeant Curran was off duty, being a night officer, and he went to the house to see that the crowd did not become unruly while watching outside the house when the services were being held.

He made his way inside several times, and saw something that caused him to have an interview with Chief of Police McKenna as soon as the services were over.

At 8 o'clock last evening Curran and McKenna left the police station in a closed carriage and drove quietly to the Glover home on Main street. They were admitted after some argument, and at once began a thorough search of the house. They went from room to room, peering into closets, hardly realizing what they were looking for, until suspicious that some clue of the greatest importance would be found.

They came to the bedroom where Glover himself had slept. Sergeant Curran stooped and glanced under the bed. Then he gave a cry of amazement, and dropping onto his knees reached his arm underneath, and pulled out Hattie LeBlanc.

The scene that followed, what explanation was made by Mrs. Glover, what Hattie LeBlanc said or did the two officers have not yet revealed to the newspaper reporters. Hattie was forced to put on her wraps and was taken quietly down stairs, placed in the closed carriage and driven to the police station.

Waltham, Mass., Nov. 25.—That Hattie LeBlanc may be prevented from telling her whole story is the belief at the Waltham police.

The police are confident that Nathan W. Tufts, the counsel who took charge of the case Wednesday, will be paid for his services by Mrs. Clarence F. Glover, or her attorney, Samuel D. Elmore.

Already the friends and relatives of the accused girl are taking steps that will, they expect, result in the discharge of Tufts.

Killed by Drinking Bay Rum—Worcester, Mass., Nov. 25.—As a result of drinking a pint of bay rum, James Cavanaugh, 50 years old, died at the home of George E. Duncan, where he was a boarder.

Negro Shot and Burned—Anniston, Ala., Nov. 25.—Ray Rolston, a negro, was riddled with shot and his body burned by a posse of citizens. He had assaulted Mrs. W. C. Cheatwood, wife of a farmer, near Edwardsville. Her condition is critical.

TRUNK HAD FALSE BOTTOM

Women Who Tried to Smuggle Laces Into Boston Are Detained

Boston, Nov. 25.—The expectations of the local customs officials that the recent prosecutions in New York of dressmakers caught smuggling would turn the surreptitious trade in women's goods to this port were confirmed yesterday.

A young woman passenger in the second cabin of the Saronia was caught trying to smuggle a large quantity of valuable handmade laces and embroidery, valued at several thousand dollars, in a false bottom trunk shortly after the liner docked in East Boston. The woman and two other women who were traveling with her were detained by the authorities.

The trunk in which the laces and embroideries were concealed was a brand new one, apparently made just for the purpose to which it was put. The false bottom was elevated down like a genuine one.

NEW TREASURY OFFICIAL

Curtis, Harvard Gift Champion, Is Selected by President Taft

Washington, Nov. 25.—Harvard's gift champion of 1893 has been drafted to Washington to be assistant secretary of the treasury and have direction over the reforms which are being instituted in the customs service. He is James F. Curtis of Boston, captain of the Harvard golf team and intercollegiate prize winner.

Curtis is expected to arrive in Washington on Monday to enter upon his work and golf practice.

He would have come earlier to the desk vacated by James H. Thompson on Nov. 1 but for his participation in the trials of the Boston steel cases, where he is an assistant district attorney.

SEARCH GIVEN UP FOR THE PRESENT

Shells in the Deadly Mine at Cherry Are Sealed

Cherry, Ill., Nov. 25.—A meeting was held here between the entire state mining board, Battalion Chief McDonald of the Chicago fire department and W. W. Taylor, general superintendent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul company's mines.

McDonald, after an inspection of the work being accomplished by his men who had been throwing water in the east bottom of the mine for more than a week, announced that the water being thrown into the mine was not reaching the fire, and that he saw no use of throwing in any more water, as it was merely filling up the third vein. Bodies of the known dead in that vein are already inaccessible, owing to the quantity of water already thrown into the mine.

After considerable discussion it was unanimously agreed by the meeting that the only thing that would make possible ultimate recovery of the bodies in the mine was to seal up both the main shaft and the air shaft and keep them sealed until the cutting off of the air rendered the fire extinct, which was thereupon sealed.

Gloucester a Safe City

Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 25.—Not an arrest was made by the police for the week ending Saturday night. The police say that this record cannot be duplicated for the same period in fifty years.

FAMILY CURED OF SKIN TROUBLES

Two Little Girls had Eczema Very Badly—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches—Father's Head Sore from Childhood—In All Three Cases

CUTICURA MET WITH ITS USUAL SUCCESS

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather when it seemingly subsided. The next winter when it became cold weather the eczema started again and also in her head where it would take the hair out and leave bare patches as large as a quarter of a dollar. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician and he said that she had two distinct types of eczema. I continued with him for several weeks and the child grew worse all of the time. Her sister's arms were also affected in the same way. My husband came home one day with a box of Cuticura Ointment and a cake of Cuticura Soap. I began using them and in a few days the Cuticura Pills and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth as it had not been before for the winter. We keep the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment constantly by us and when any little roughness or irritation appears on their skin I quickly dipel it with the Cuticura Remedies. My husband has used them with most satisfactory results for a sore head which has troubled him from childhood. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, 1908."

Cuticura Ointment is one of the most successful remedies for torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, of infants, children and adults, ever compounded. In proof of which a single anointing with it, preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed by mild doses of Cuticura Pills, is sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaling humors, eczema, irritations and inflammations, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy cure when all else fails.

Cuticura Soap (25c), Ointment (50c), Resolvent (50c), and Cuticura Pills (25c), are sold everywhere. Write for free literature to J. C. Kennerly, 137 Columbia Ave., Boston.

Be careful Free Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

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On or before November 15 draws interest from November 1.
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With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.
With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.
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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
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Dispensing Optician.
(Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.)
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your bow seems a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Quickest prescriptions given personal attention.
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The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
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OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates \$3 up. Special rates by the week. R. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

Jet.
In his "Mirror of Stones" Camillus Leonhardt calls jet "black amber" and states that it possesses the peculiar property of attracting to it when rubbed light substances of all kinds. He also tells us that the thin smoke produced by this friction of rubbing was used by the ancient Britons for driving away devils and dissolving spells.
"Jet," says Dr. Young, "appears to be wood in a high state of bituminization." And certainly jet often appears with traces of ligneous structure. At the same time there are specimens of bones which seemingly have been gradually impregnated with and at last wholly replaced by this substance. Among the jet rock there is found a liquid hydrocarbon somewhat resembling petroleum oil, which occurs in the cavities of ammonites, etc., and is also sometimes found in nodules, the presence of which is generally supposed to point to a rich vein of jet.
From these and other observations it would appear that jet existed as a liquid substance and that this substance gradually permeated between the laminations of the shales, etc., covering over or in some cases entirely replacing any woody matter which it met with.—New York Post.

Snuff Spoons.
All the world is familiar with snuff-boxes, but snuff spoons are pretty little refinements of which this generation has hardly heard. Very probably they came into use about two years after Sir George Rokeby's expedition to Vigo bay in 1522, when he captured half a ton of tobacco and snuff from the Spanish galleons, and snuff thus became a common article in England.
One of the characters in a comedy published at Oxford in 1594, entitled "An Act at Oxford," by Thomas Baker, says, "But I carry sweet snuff for the ladies," to which Arabella replies, "A spoon too. That's very gallant, for to see some people run their rat fingers into a box is as nauseous as eating without a fork."
In the last few years of the last century snuff spoons were still in use on the Scottish border. They were of bone and of a size to go into the snuff-box. People fed their noses, it was said, as naturally as they carried soup to their mouths. As late as 1877 a farmer at Northam-on-Tweed was seen using one.—London Saturday Review.

A Tramp of Resources.
Much experience of thirty tramps had caused the author of "An English Holiday," J. J. Hissay, to foreknow almost exactly what they would say to him. One day, when sending his motorcar slowly along a shady English road, he met one of this kind, who accosted him with the preliminary touch of his cap. Mr. Hissay anticipated him by exclaiming:
"I be mortal thirsty! Have you, good sir, the price of a glass of ale about you? I've driven nearly fifty miles today, and since the morning not a bite of food has passed my lips."
The look of astonishment that tramp gave was a delight to observe. But this tramp was a man of ready resource, and seeing I was a hopeless case, he rose to the occasion and promptly exclaimed, with what dignity he could command and with a comically serious expression:
"If there were a policeman in sight I would give you in charge for begging, that I would!"

Between Two Fires.
She was desperately gone on them both, and she couldn't think which one to choose. It was rather perplexing, no doubt, for one she was bound to refuse.
She gazed at them both in despair, quite puzzled to know what to do. As soon as she thought about one she cared for the other one too.
They still remained under her gaze, little rocking the trouble they brought. It really was hard to decide. They were both so delightful, she thought.
She couldn't say which one she'd have; her efforts fell hopelessly flat.
It's really exceedingly hard selecting a new autumn hat.

He Told Her.
Housekeeper—You promised that if I'd give you a good meal and a suit of old clothes you'd tell me how to keep the premises free from tramps.
"Tramp—Yes, mum, an' I'm a man of me word, mum, an' I'll keep me promise, although that meal wasn't no great shakes an' this suit of clothes ain't much of a fit. But I'll tell ya."
"Well, what course am I to pursue?"
"Never give 'em anything, mum. Good day, mum."

Good and Simple.
Let it not be in any man's power to say truly of thee that thou art not simple or that thou art not good, but let him be a liar whoever shall think anything of this kind about thee, and this is altogether in thy power, for who is he that shall hinder thee from being good and simple?—Marcus Antonius.

How He Raised It.
"How on earth did you ever cultivate such a beautiful black eye?" asked Brown's friend.
"Oh," replied Brown, who had unintentionally been illustrating the fall of man or rather stature, "I raised it from a slip."—Everybody's Magazine.

Shows Her Improvement.
"I don't see that her college education has improved her much."
"Not."

No Art Simile.
Some men have a career like a golf ball. They are helped out of one hole only to get into another.—Lippincott's.

A Cure For Sympathy.
The broad notion that the sympathy grows more like a fad every day, the sentimentality of a poor heart, and have you tried everything?—London Spectator.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—Holland.

Dickens and Diet.
Dickens is the novelist of the meal. No other writer, pile he up never such lists of delicacies as for Lucullus, has the gusto in describing humble feasts which gives the very reader an appetite. Thackeray, for all his "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," never touched the heart of his garments in the recording of meals. Who that has read them can ever forget, for instance, Mrs. Gamp's directions to the chambermaid for her nocturnal repast, or the tea which awaited Joe Willett and Dolly on their return to the locksmith's dwelling on the occasion of Miss Miggs' first rout, or the unassuming meals recorded in "David Copperfield," or the more pretentious feasts in "Pickwick," not forgetting the leg of mutton "savory" to which Mr. Weller was invited by the elite of Bath footmen. And has not every reader of "Martin Chuzzlewit" allowed a tender smile to curl his lips over the evolution of that incomparable pudding in the preparation and consumption of which such damage was done to John Westlock's affection? So go and read—and acquire your appetite.—London Chronicle.

Above and Below Proof.
Before the means of determining the true quantity of alcohol in spirits were known distillers employed a very rude method to form a notion of the "strength." A given quantity of the spirit was poured upon gunpowder in a dish and set on fire. If the gunpowder continued dry enough it took fire and exploded, but if it had been dampened by the water in the spirits the flame of the alcohol went out without setting the powder on fire. This was called the "proof." Spirits which kindled gunpowder were said to be "above proof," those that did not set fire to it were said to be "below proof," but this did not fix the strength. Clark in his hydrometer, which was invented about the year 1760, fixed the strength of proof spirits on the stem, at the specific gravity of 800 at the temperature of 60 degrees. This is the strength at which proof spirit is fixed by act of parliament, and at this strength it is no more than a mixture of forty-nine pounds of pure alcohol with fifty-one pounds of pure water.—London Standard.

Case of Too Much Ham.
One morning not long ago there tripped up to a butcher stall in a Baltimore market a dainty little thing out for her first marketing.
"My husband bought a couple of nice hams from you not long ago," she announced.
"Yes'm," said the smiling butcher, "I remember well. Fine hams, weren't they?"
"They were delicious," said the young wife. "Have you any more like them?"
"Lots," responded the butcher, indicating a row of hams in the rear of the stall.
The young thing surveyed the hams thoughtfully. "Are you sure," she finally asked, "that they're from the same pig as that from which my husband bought?"
"Yes'm," answered the butcher without so much as a quiver of an eyelid.
"Then you may send me three more of them," she said.—Pittsburg Post.

The Caspian Sea.
The Caspian sea is, as Herodotus said 2,000 years ago, "a sea by itself, having no connection with any other." Every schoolboy knows that now, but it is remarkable to find Herodotus saying so, because centuries after his time such authorities as Strabo and Ptolemy believed that it was connected with the northern ocean by a long and narrow gulf. Geography seems to date had a setback in the interval through false information received at the time of Alexander's conquests. Herodotus says that the Caspian's length was fifteen days' voyage with a rowboat. Its breadth eight days'. Since the actual figures are 750 miles and 400, this shows that a rowboat of the time did fifty miles a day.—London Graphic.

Shank's Mare.
"I haven't got a limousine or any aeroplane; I haven't got a coach an' six, nor even a special train; I haven't got a Marse nor yet a boss no' team. I get along all right, by jinks, 'bout passenger or steam. I travel just by Shank's mare an' never hev no fear but what I'll reach my stoppin' place the same day in the year. No artificial rigs for tax, no bustled thres or boxes, no landin' all up in a heap upon the highway stones. I may be slow a-gittin' round an' cause the world to stare, but I will get there by an' by all right side up with care."—Boston Herald.

Not Guilty!
The humble seaman referred to by the American Thackerayman probably thought he was being accused of "mussing up the bedclothes."
Enthusiastic Amateur Sailor—Let go that jib sheet!
Enthusiastic Landlubber (who has been deceived into using as crew)—I'm not touching the thing!

Most Tactless of Men.
"Charmers unintentionally offended the visiting young poetess."
"In what way?"
"He sent her a gaily decorated wastebasket as a birthday present!"—Edinburgh Record.

A High One.
I found—Does the baron, your conductor, speak with much of an accent?
Edmund—To be sure he discovered how I had done his wife's hair.—Punch.

A Big Birdage.
A very prominent institution in the New York met is what is known as "the flying birdage." This magnificent aviary is the largest of its kind in the world, being 25 feet high, 12 feet wide and 12 feet long. Large out and other trees grow in the cage, and the birds live within its wire netting in the utmost freedom. The frame of the cage is built of iron pipes, which are covered over with thin painted netting.

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.—Seaton.

Cockades and Buttons.
The cockade originated simply in the knot of ribbons or stickings by which the broad tops of the seventeenth century round hats were "cocked," or drawn up to the brim in the weather, and thus originated the three cockered hat as well as the cocked hat of later times. There was nothing specially military about the usage, as the lieutenant asserted. The same stickings survive in the hoops of the hats of bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries in Great Britain, in the stripes of the hats worn by French eures and Spanish and Italian padrons and in the cords which are still seen on the hats of some lively servants.

It naturally became the custom for military men to "cock" their hats with the lively color of the prince they served, and as the Hanoverian color was the convenient one of black the "black cockade" became associated in the minds of the people with military uniform. In an old Scotch song of Shikemuir, citing "Woodcock's Heraldry," we read of "the red coat lads with black cockades," and a knot of white ribbons was naturally chosen as the badge of their opponents. When the old use of the stickings was forgotten the knot, in the form of a rosette of ribbon, survived, just as did the buttons on the backs of our coats, which were intended to fasten back the flaps in riding or marching.—Quarter of the Peace.

When Lovers Watched the Corpses.
Most curious of the old time superstitions of New England was the custom of requiring lovers to watch the corpses. It accelerated the hopes of marriage with the silent vigil, was poetic and has only disappeared from the oldest towns within a generation. No obligation of the social conscience was more scrupulously regarded than that a dead body should never be left alone at night. In the earliest days the solemn watchers were old men and women, deacons, selectmen, but as the colonies grew honest lovers with flighted teeth were frequently selected for these long vigils.

Literary Note.
"You write too much," said the critic to the author.
"But, my friend," replied the author, "I've got to live."
"How about your readers?"
"Ah, well, we were all born to die!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Parried.
"And that young man kissed you on the lips! Why didn't you offer him your hand?" said the father.
"Oh, I didn't have to, papa," said the girl. "He's going to ask you for—"
"Revenge is the subject pleasure of an subject mind.—Juvenal.

Coleridge's Imagination.
From his early youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams, yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, the last place in the world for a poet to lose himself in reverie. As he strolled down the street he imagined himself swimming the Hellespont, the feat of which other poets had written and which the poet Byron was to accomplish later. Once while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand he absently thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket.

The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed, "What! So young and so wicked!" He accused the poor, poetical boy of an attempt at pocket picking.
With some fright and a few tears the boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fall from him who was to become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Leander made the stranger inquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books he opened for him a subscription at the circulating library in Cheapside.—Westminster Gazette.

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CASTORIA

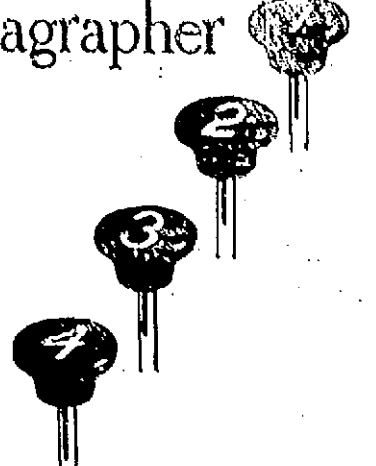
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THE MARIENBAD WORLD.

Taking the Cure at the Salt Springs of Bohemia.

When you are at Marienbad the first sound you hear is tap, tap, tap, at your bedroom door.
"Half past 8. Time to get up!"
"All right!" you growl in reply, rattling while you slowly get out of bed against the absurd tyranny of medicinal waters that insist on being taken exactly in the day.
Sallying forth, you find the Marienbad world already astir. Water drinkers are converging from all sides in the spring. Each one on arrival provides himself with a glass and goes forward to receive his daily dose. You join the waiting line. Soon it is your turn, and the attendant reaches for a modest coin fills you a bumper. You take it aside and eye it anxiously, looking it to the light. There's something fishy in this, you taste it cautiously. The flavor, it appears, is not unpleasant. You are reassured, and, assuming a resigned air, you drain the glass.

Next by this price of your courage, you walk out. The band is playing, the promenade crowded. Here you may see the crowned heads, millionaires, great singers and all the other celebrities who frequent Marienbad.

There is a peculiarity of the place that will quickly strike you—the stoutness of many of the visitors. As the Baron von Seidspliz, himself a man of girth, remarked to an English friend, "There are many thick people in Marienbad."

Hunger by this time probably possesses you, for it is 8 o'clock, but do not expect a hearty breakfast. Crisp rolls or toast and fragrant coffee will be enough, served in the open air. To a favored few an egg or a small plate of cold meat is permitted.

Curious morning tasks are prescribed for some of the patients. Mr. X, for instance, is ordered a popping hot mud bath, while Mr. Y follows the "warm" cure. This consists in walking an increased distance each day, so gradually to strengthen the muscles of which the functions are impaired. Most people, however, spend their time in strolling, writing or lounging.

The welcome call to dinner draws all together about 1 o'clock. Again the fare is simple, the motto being, "Nothing very sour, nothing very sweet, nothing very salt, nothing very fat." Even the restaurants are not allowed to provide dishes harmful to the "cure." So you make yourself content with fish, roast meat or chicken, green vegetables and stewed fruit, and, as for drink, water, diluted claret or Pilsener beer must suffice. Woe to him whose choice strays to made dishes, pastry, cheese or spirits, for these he must abstain as long as he stays at Marienbad.

To rest awhile without taking "forty whisks" is the patient's next problem, and when he has worked through it he will probably stroll along to a concert or make an excursion among the delightful pine clad hills that enclose the Marienbad valley.

When evening approaches the gardens and promenade fill with people. They sit about at small tables and sip their coffee while listening to the band.

Your last meal is a light supper at 7 o'clock, and by 9 you should be in bed.

The normal length of the "cure" is four weeks. It is said, however, that Americans, with characteristic energy, have been known to compress it into something like half that time.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Three Reasons For Declining.
Lord Broughton had a temper which sometimes exploded in a most disconcerting manner. It is related that on one occasion he dined with a large party at Thackeray's house, and after dinner some specially fine mackerel was produced. In this usual peevish way the novelist pressed this on his guests and, patting his neighbor, Lord Broughton, on the back, remarked, "Now, my dear old boy, you must try some of this!"
A chill fell on the company when the noble lord retorted, "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and — your mackerel!"

He Was the Same Man.

A prominent merchant of St. Nicholas recently received a gentleman on the street with:

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson. How is coal today?"

"Well," responded the other, "I am not much acquainted with the coal market, but I can ascertain the price if it will accommodate you."

"I beg pardon," laughed the merchant. "I really thought you were Mr. Johnson, the coal dealer. You certainly resemble him."

A few days later the merchant entered a train car and, seating himself beside a gentleman, exclaimed heartily:

"Well, Mr. Johnson, I'm glad to recognize you today. I made a laughable mistake one day last week. I mistook another man for you and, addressing him very familiarly, asked how coal was. He looked amazed and replied that he did not know much about coal, but would inquire if it would accommodate me. Then I looked at him and saw that he was a perfect stranger. It really was laughable, Mr. Johnson, but he looked so much like you."

"Yes," responded the gentleman, looking more amazed, "and I am that same party again."

"The merchant recognizes no more coal dealers."—London Advertiser.

Their Reconciliation.

There is a young couple in this town living in a highly comfortable little flat who were very little while. This is not to say that he has her with a chain of steel, but she attempts to restrain his face. The just hurt the usual marital feelings at each other. The two things that happen after their reconciliation are a little bit out of the usual.

Every time there's a scrap she just picks up her dolls and goes right back to her home of her mamma, who lives in the Bronx. While she's gone he holds down the flat and waits for her. The developments are all just about the same.

That is to say, sooner or later, it may be a week or ten days, she will drop into the flat to see how things are going. Just to see how things are going. Just to see how things are going.

He is sitting back in his easy chair some evening after dinner, in high spirits and down in the mouth and, however, trying to read a book that he had picked up and wondering what the use of it is when the old black cat that had been his companion since she was a kitten comes in and when he opens the door he doesn't see who is there. He says:

"Well, you know the way in," says he, sitting to give his voice an indignant tone. She enters.

"Oh, you, she came around all right—I knew that. I don't know what she would do with me. I don't know what she would do with me. I don't know what she would do with me."

"What is the most expensive autograph you ever sold?" inquired the reporter.

"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," answered the dealer. The reporter looked perfectly blank. "Never heard of him," he confessed.

"Well, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He signed it as proxy for his father, who was ill at the time. Such after he went to sea and was never heard of again. Now, autographs of Declaration signers are much sought by collectors. Some are worth to a collector as far as I know, there is only one in existence."

"This is signed to an autograph letter addressed by Lynch to George Washington, which leads to additional value. It was owned at one time by Jared Sparks, president of Harvard college. Subsequently it passed to Thomas Adams Emmet, from whom I bought it for the sum of \$4,000. I sold it to Augustus Daly, who was a keen autograph collector, for \$4,500. Later Emmet repented of selling this autograph to him and he repurchased it for \$5,000, presenting it afterward to the Library of Congress, where it is now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Origin of "Box."

The origin of "Box" is known to most readers interested in Dickens. A younger brother of the novelist was known in the family circle as "Box," in facetious allusion to one of the characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and this being pronounced in fun through the nose became "Boxes" and so "Box," which Dickens adopted as his early pen name. "Box," he once wrote, "was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Before the real name of "Box" became well known somebody invented and circulated the following snooty epigram:

Who the Dickens "Box" could be
Fuzzed many a curious eye
Till time unveiled the mystery
And "Box" appeared as Dickens' self.
Hood wrote punningly, but ungrammatically:

Aren't that "Box" a dapper fellow?
Lays write well, but he writes better.
—London Globe.

Thanked His Stars.

When the French revolution broke out a number of scientists lost their lives, but Lalande, the astronomer, only paid the more attention to the skies and his constellations. When he found, after the reign of terror, that he had escaped the fury of the mob he exclaimed gratefully, "I may thank my stars for it." Would any apparent jest possess more genuine truth?

Allison tells how during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign no sooner were the marmalades observed at a distance than the word was given, "Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and savans to the center." The command afforded no little merriment to the soldiers even, at such an exciting moment and made them call the asses demisavans.

Located.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

A Wayside Philosopher.

"How'd you like to be a senator?" inquired the first wanderer.
"I'd like it first rate," responded the second wayfarer. "Still, a hobo's life has got its good points. He ain't got to constituents to kick about his inactivity."—Kansas City Journal.

Good Tree, Poor Crop.

"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Fucash.
"Yep," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Washington Star.

Credulous.

Blotba—The girl to marry is the girl who believes in love in a cottage.
Slobba—Yes, if a girl believes that, you could stuff her with any old thing.—Philadelphia Record.

Be sure to put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.—Lincoln.

St. Nicholas in 1910.

"Kingsford, Quarter" has been decided upon as the name of the new story by Ralph Henry Barbour, which is to be one of the good things in St. Nicholas during 1910. It is to be a story of American school life, of course, with plenty of out-of-door.

A Friend.

As one who, looking from a dark-wooded night, sees a light, a friend is a blessing.

Across the dark night a twinkling light, a friend is a blessing.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In reading matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly stated.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. A clear and concise statement of the facts must be given.
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Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. HILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

MASTHEAD, NOVEMBER 27, 1909.

NOTES.

FROM OLD NEWPORT TOWN RECORDS—

MANLY—Joseph Manly's estate administered upon by Jacob Isaac Aug. 4, 1755.

BATLEY—James Greche, William Gardner and Peter Cohen presented inventory of estate of Joseph Batley late of Newport Mariner deceased Aug. 6, 1761. P. Phoebe Batley widow of Joseph swore to it.

GARDNER—Thurston, died—George and Mary Gardner of Newport to Priscilla Thurston of Newport spinster; land in Newport bounded north on land of Benjamin Thurston east on land of Jonathan Craker west on street south on land of Benjamin Sherman. Dated April 23, 1752; rec. June 8, 1752.

GARDNER—George Gardner on oath declared that he came from Boston. Ordered to be sent back. Probably about 1753.

BATLEY—Job Bennett, Jr., and Peter Cohen presented inventory of estate of William Batley, Jr. late of Newport deceased. Phoebe Batley widow of William Jr. swore to it.

BENNETT—Will of Ann Bennett widow dated Dec. 28, 1754 rec. Feb. 4, 1755. Mentioned grand daughter Ad—

own and Elizabeth Maxson daughter Mary Muel daughter Ann Dorey grand daughter Ann Dorey and her children grand daughter Deborah Dorey daughter Molly grand daughter Ann Holmes grand daughter Abigail Thurston daughter in law Elizabeth Holmes grand daughter Ann of my daughter Mary Muel daughter Ann Kimean Job Townsend executor refused to serve and Thomas Croshaw was appointed in his place—D. M. T.

QUERIES.

1652. NICKERSON—William Nickerson came to America in 1637. He married Ann Dorey and had son William who married Mary Williams. Would like to know pedigree of Ann and Dorey, and dates of birth, marriage and death.—D. M. T.

1650. BAKER—Who was Mary Baker who married Thomas Nickerson, son of above William and Dorey? Was Baker's name Mary or Dorey? Would like to know pedigree of Ann and Dorey, and dates of birth, marriage and death.—D. M. T.

1650. HOWARD—Samuel Howard of New York, N. Y., had son John who married Rebecca Howard. Would like to know pedigree of John and Rebecca Howard, and dates of birth, marriage and death.—D. M. T.

1. Samuel, born Nov. 20, 1715-75.
2. Rebecca, born Sept. 18, 1717-78.
3. Sarah, born March 11, 1720-72.
4. Benjamin, born May 22, 1722-72.
5. Susanna, born Nov. 21, 1722-72.

John and Rebecca evidently came to Newport, R. I., and lived there. John died Sept. 11, 1774, aged 61. A portrait of him with his wife, Rebecca, is in the family collection. He was a very fine looking man. Rebecca died June 12, 1775, aged 61. She left a will, and mentioned son Richard, in whom she gave a silver spoon marked R. B.; grandson Eliza Gibbs, granddaughter Grace Gibbs under 15; granddaughter Rebecca Gibbs under 13; daughter Sarah Howard. This will was dated May 30, 1774; recorded July 5, 1775.

Now I have long been looking for a Grace Gibbs who married Samuel Cranston of Newport, Ap. 2, 1755, and this is absolutely the only Grace Gibbs who appears on the records. Under 15 in 1774; she would be of the right age to marry in 1755, and I think she was undoubtedly the daughter of that Eliza Gibbs, Jr., who married Rebecca Howard April 7, 1757. Arnold's Vital Records give Elizabeth, but the original Newport records give Rebecca. Eliza Gibbs perhaps married a second time Lydia Peckham of Middletown, for he is mentioned in the records, and "all my children" without naming them. Eliza died July 5, 1780, and his will is recorded at the City Hall in Newport. Can any one give me a clue to Rebecca Howard's maiden name?

The name Bouley seems to be a clue, but I find it only once on the records at Taunton Mass., and that in a deed from a person entirely out of the family. Freeborn records give Richard "Bouley" in quotations on the records and Hannah Cary of Hingham, marriage intentions Jan. 21, 1755. I find in record of Mr. John Howard and Rebecca were at Freeborn wedding records in 1755 and 1756. What became of Eliza and Samuel? Perhaps died in Newport in 1755 and buried there. All this differs from that from the supposition given in the Howland Genealogy, and in David's "History of Plymouth the first child's name is not given. Would be glad for any further clue to the family. I feel very close to the wife of Samuel Howard! Her name was Mary—L. M. T.

1651. WHITE—Thomas White, b. Oct. 31, 1725, d. Aug. 25, 1771, and Ap. 2, 1775, Sarah Norton, Calicut. 1. Elizabeth, b. Aug. 15, 1728.
2. John Davis, b. Nov. 5, 1727.
3. Thomas, b. Feb. 1, 1731, d. Oct. 27, 1821, and June 20, 1821, Elizabeth Giddings.
4. Isaac Ware, b. Ap. 5, 1729—supposed to have been lost at sea.

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